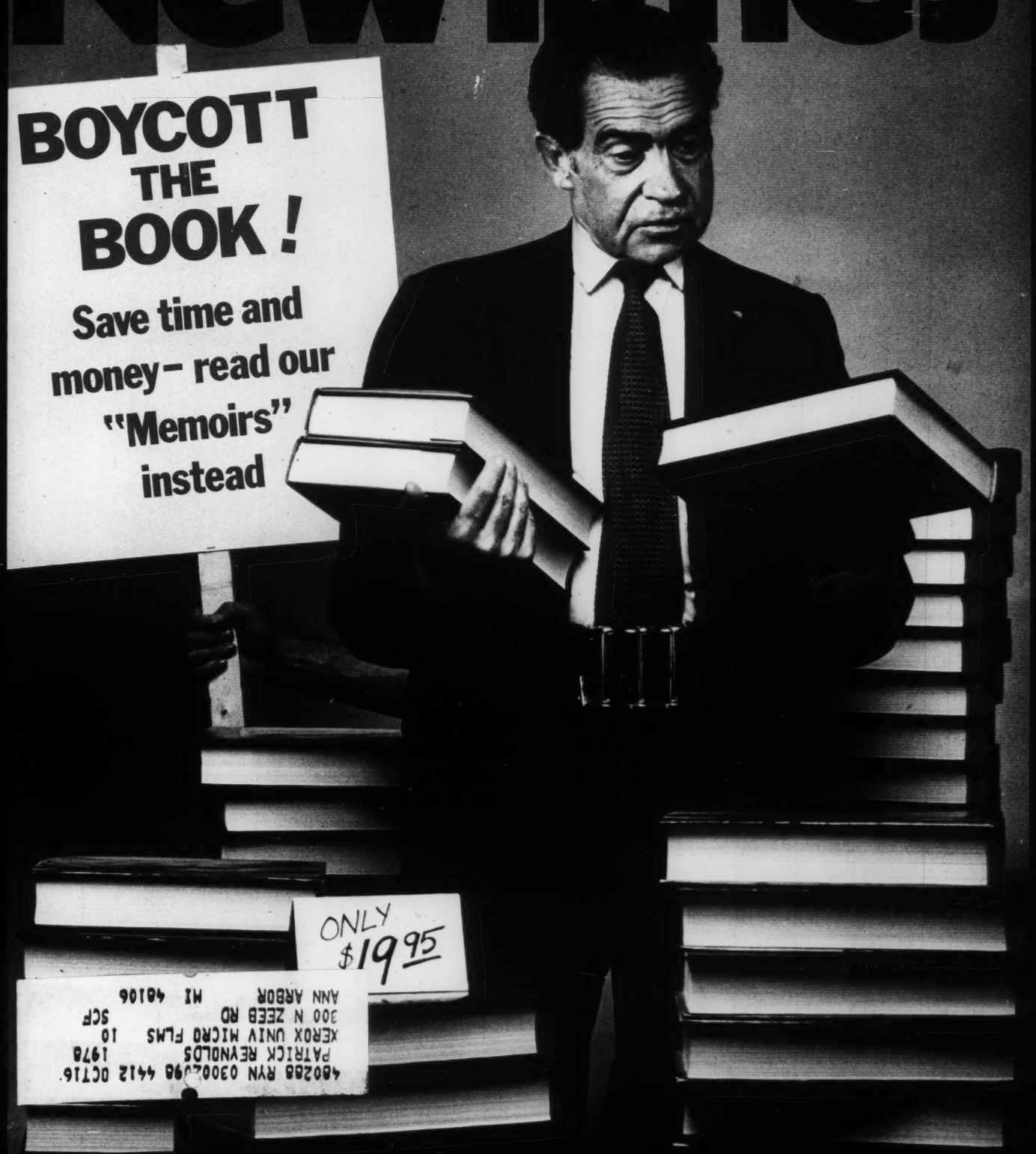
The Berkeley Rapes, by Lacey Fosburgh

MAY 15, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE ®

NewTimes



480288 RYN 0300C098 4412 0CT16.
PATRICK REYNOLDS 1978
XEROX UNIV MICRO FLMS 10
300 N ZEEB RD SCF
ANN ARBOR MI 48106

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

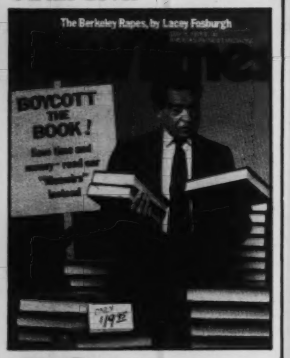
NewTimes

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 10

CONTENTS

MAY 15, 1978

On the Cover



33 Nixon Without Tears

Now, the editors of *New Times* have condensed my memoirs into a comic book, and I suppose there are some who will get quite a laugh out of it—the five o'clock shadow, the shifty eyes, all that Herblock stuff. Well, that's fine—I can take it. I have a pretty good sense of humor, after all, although you'd never know it, the way the press is always saying, you know, can't make small talk, born in a rumpled suit and what have you. But, frankly, I've never let this kind of criticism bother me, and I'm not angry with the editors of *New Times*. You see, one can only get angry at those one respects.
by PETER KAPLAN, SCOTT KAUFER and PAUL SLANSKY

Cover: art by Jay Harper; photograph by Larry Couzens; Nixon head shot, J.P. Laffont/ Sygma

28 The Berkeley Rapist

You've heard about the midnight rambler, but did you know that he's been terrorizing the women of Berkeley for the past five years? After 62 reported rapes—and, according to police, possibly twice as many unreported ones—there are only two clues to the monster's identity: his M.O. and his B.O. It's not a pretty story.
by LACEY FOSBURGH

40 The Perrier Revolution

From the eateries of New York's Upper East Side, where Perrier has replaced the martini as the status drink, to the Jacuzzis of Mill Valley, where trick-or-treaters receive bottles of Perrier in their Halloween goodies bags, the hottest new drink in America is cold water. *Très chic!*
by ARTHUR LUBOW

48 ... And the Skies Will Be Cloudy All Day

For the past hundred years, the Northern Cheyenne tribe has fought for the right to breathe clean air. Having granted them permanent protection in 1977 under the Clean Air Act, the government is about to renege. The decision is more than another case of Indian giving; it may mark the end of pure air for everyone.
by MICHAEL PARFIT

Behind the Scenes
Page 4

Party Lines
The narrow passage of the Panama Canal treaty.
by ROBERT SHRUM
Page 6

Working
Indiana auto workers get crankcased by the UAW.
by JUDY STRASSER
Page 8

Addendum & Erratum
Kucinich cancels his Checkers speech.
Page 15

The Insider
Newspaper wars break out in Los Angeles.
Page 16

REVIEWS

Books
Grabbing Freud by the short hairs.
by GEOFFREY WOLFF
Page 68

Television
The network is NBC, and the part of Faye Dunaway is played by Lin Bolen.
by RICHARD M. LEVINE
Page 70

Music
Grace Slick's favorite food is Sara Lee Chocolate Cake.
by MERRILL SHINDLER
Page 73

Records
Easter: Patti Smith's resurrection.
by JIM MILLER
Page 78

Movies
The Last Waltz: Scorsese paints a rock masterpiece.
by RICHARD CORLISS
Page 81

Final Tribute
The 25th player is scratched.
by STEVEN LEVY
Page 84

We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage. Copyright © 1978 by New Times Publishing Company. All rights reserved. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

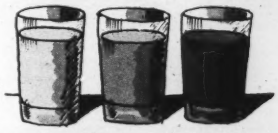
New Times is published bi-weekly (except for the last issue of the year which is combined with the first issue of the next year) by New Times Publishing Company, One Park Ave., New York, New York, 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year, $2.00 additional per year for Canada. $5.00 additional per year for all other foreign countries. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE, ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2474, Boulder, Colorado, 80322. ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York, 10016.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

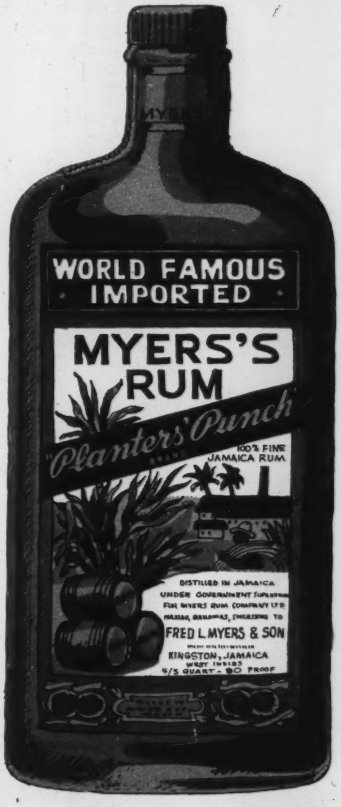
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

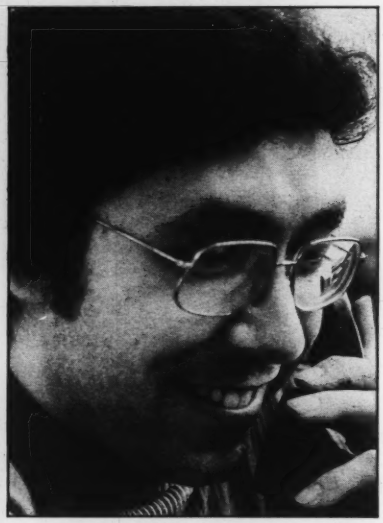
BEHIND THE SCENES

Fosburgh

In its four and a half years of publication, *New Times* has published only two stories by journalist Lacey Fosburgh. But what stories! The first, which highlighted our second anniversary issue, told the true story behind the murder fictionalized in Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Shortly after the publication of the October 17, 1975, issue, Fosburgh was asked by Delacorte Press to expand her *New Times* article into a book. *Closing Time* was published on October 31, 1977, and was recently reissued by Dell in a 250,000 paperback printing.

Fosburgh's second article appears on page 28 of this issue. Entitled "The Berkeley Rapist," it recounts with chilling detail how one man has terrorized the residents of Berkeley, California. Many articles have been written about the horrors of rape, but I am sure you will agree with me that few, if any, have conveyed the enormity of the crime as powerfully as Fosburgh's. The story of "Stinky" becomes all the more frightening to me when I consider how long he has been at large: four months longer than we have been publishing.

This issue carries our eighth Nixon/Watergate cover. Through them all, the magazine has had but one continuous Nixon "specialist"—Associate Editor Paul Slansky. When Slansky first came to *New Times* as a freelance in May 1974, Watergate was in full flower, and Slansky himself in heaven. He cites the years from 1973 to 1975 as "the jolliest and quite the most satisfying of my life." But as time passed, there were fewer occasions to share his knowledge (Q: Childhood sweetheart? Slansky: Ola Florence Welch). Those dead and unresounding years of the Ford and Carter presidencies took their toll; Slansky aged. Nixon out of the way, Slansky took to junk food. He slept not: Devoured by his obsession, he paced the night, Javert-like, stalking the back rooms of his split-level subconscious. And then, like a well-spring in the Mojave, came the Frost shows; with the news of the Nixon *Memoirs* on the horizon, Slansky was a new man, on his feet, held back only by the tight grip of restraining straps. "I know his life better than he does," he cried. "Let *me* write the *Memoirs*!"



Slansky

And so we did. With the help of two kind stewards (knowledgeable, but just laymen in the area), Slansky authoritatively set down the life of the one he knows best. We present here his latest, though probably not his last, words on the subject.

George A. Hirsch

NewTimes

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

Executive Editor
Jane Amsterdam
Senior Writer
Robert Sam Anson
Senior Editors
Calvin Fentress Peter W. Kaplan
Associate Managing Editor
Karen L. Saks
Associate Editors
Scott Kaufer Paul Slansky Tracy Young
Janet Gold Peter M. Lincoln
Assistant Editors
Barbara Milstein Ellen Joan Pollock
Washington Editor
Robert Shrum
West Coast Editor
Peter S. Greenberg
Associate West Coast Editor
Susan Lyne
Assistant to the Editor
Scott Searfoss

Art Director
Richard Becker
Associate Art Director
Jane Prettyman
Art Coordinator
Laetitia Kennedy
Art Associate
Patricia Bradbury

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Controller
Alan P. Sussman
Accounting Manager
Susan E. Poggioli
Administrative Assistants
Linda Helm
Luz D. Mojica
Diane Reynolds
Ken Terry
Production Manager
Garry W. Ramo
Assistant Production Manager
Dale R. Sokoloff
Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica
Subscription Fulfillment Manager
Carol A. Powers
Subscription Sales Manager
Kathi Marks
Circulation Assistants
Lois Gale Gabin
Roberta Levy
Newsstand Sales Manager
Margaret Hamilton
Production Assistant
Nancy B. Zucker

Associate Publisher
Nicholas H. Niles

Advertising Director
William S. David
Advertising Representatives
John Abbott John Cabell
Eric Leins Liz Browne Mendel Bobbi Van
Advertising Assistants
Ann M. Krauser Rochelle List
Monica Raybon Dolores Slayton
Chicago
The Pattis Group
Los Angeles
Tony Hoyt & Associates
Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Contributing Writers

David Black, Patrick Carr, Richard Corliss, Stephen Diamond, Michael Drosnin, Marshall Frady, Mark Goodman, Andrew Kopkind, Jesse Kornbluth, Richard M. Levine, Arthur Lubow, Sam Merrill, Jim Miller, Michael Parfit, Roger Rapoport, Ruth Rosenbaum, Marcia Seligson, Stephen Singular, Robert Ward, Craig Waters, Geoffrey Wolff, Michael Wolff, Lawrence Wright, Daniel Zwerdling

Correspondents

Washington, D.C.: Arthur Hadley; Nina Totenberg; **California:** Phil Jordan (Sacramento); John Mankiewicz (Los Angeles); Bill Ritter (San Diego); Joel Kotkin (Hollywood); Paul Grabowicz (Berkeley); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman (Aspen); Rosemary Cowles (Boulder); **Illinois:** Paul Engleman, Mick Zielenziger (Chicago); **Indiana:** Rick Lyman (Gary); Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Iowa:** Jon Bowermaster (Des Moines); **Kentucky:** Laer Pearce (Louisville); **Massachusetts:** Joseph Dalton (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Detroit); **New York:** Larry Frederick, Debra Weiner (New York City); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte); Mark Pinsky (Durham); David Zucchino (Raleigh); **Ohio:** John Brady (Cincinnati); Bob Tkacz (Cleveland); **Pennsylvania:** Joe Sharkey (Philadelphia); **Texas:** Harry Hurt III (Houston); **Utah:** David Proctor (Salt Lake City); **Virginia:** Joel Brinkley (Richmond); Ronnie Chappell (South Boston); **Wisconsin:** Elliot Pinsley (Madison).

PHOTOS L. TO R. NEIL REICH LINE, CALVIN FENTRESS

Because nobody's perfect.

Smith-Corona offers you Correction Cartridge typing.

Smith-Corona has the perfect typewriter for less-than-perfect typists.

It's the Smith-Corona® Cartridge Ribbon electric portable with the patented Correction Cartridge, and it corrects most typing mistakes in just seconds.

But even if you rarely make mistakes, you'll like the Smith-Corona for other reasons.

Such as the long-life nylon ribbon it comes with. Such as the film cartridge ribbon available in five colors, to give you a sharper, crisper typing image.

So choose the great typing typewriter that's also a great correcting typewriter. The Smith-Corona. And discover why it's America's best-selling portable.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

THE NARROW PASSAGE OF THE CANAL TREATY

"Mr. President, I got up at 3:30 in the morning to take a leak and I got pissed off," South Dakota Senator James Abourezk bluntly explained to Jimmy Carter. It was Thursday, April 13. Fifteen hours earlier, Abourezk climbed out of bed to go to the bathroom. He started thinking about the congressional conferences on natural gas that had been closed to the public. Senate rules require open conferences unless a majority of the members vote to close them, but no such vote had been taken: The conferees were eluding the requirement by meeting informally. In secret, Abourezk believed, they were concocting a "compromise" that would be a "sellout" to the oil industry. And Energy Secretary James Schlesinger was playing a central role in all this, despite Carter's commitment to both open government and natural gas regulation.

At 6 a.m., Abourezk sat down and drafted a statement that he was voting against the Panama treaty because of Schlesinger's role in the energy negotiations. Later that morning, he told a stunned White House Senate liaison Dan Tate, "It's the only leverage I have on natural gas." Tate nervously beseeched Abourezk to say nothing publicly until he talked to Carter.

When Carter called Abourezk Thursday after hearing Tate's alarming news, the senator said that he couldn't abide those closed energy conferences. Carter gave a little: They wouldn't be held in the White House anymore.

Four days later, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd called the President. Things looked bad. There were four doubtful senators left, Byrd figured, and the Administration needed three of them.

One problem was Tennessee Democrat James Sasser. He had been voting for disabling amendments to the treaty. He was angry because the Department of Housing and Urban Development had withheld a grant for a 1978 World's Fair in Knoxville. He was grousing that the Administration never did anything for him. He couldn't even get his phone calls returned. Monday night at the country music fair in the White House, Carter invited him into the Oval Office and personally apologized. Sasser then agreed to vote for the treaty. "He just couldn't tell the President no face-to-face," a Sasser assistant says.

Abourezk: The only leverage he had

Nevada Democrat Howard Cannon could—and almost did. By the Monday afternoon before the roll call on the second treaty, a presidential associate recounts, "Cannon was saying no to everything." But that night Byrd and the Administration persuaded him to settle for his very own face-saving amendment. "This one was cleared all the way up to [Panama's leader General Omar] Torrijos," according to a White House adviser. The Cannon provision would raise Canal tolls to pay the U.S. $505 million more by 1999 if Congress so wishes; but the White House and Byrd assured the Panamanians that Congress won't wish it.

And then there was Abourezk. White House chief of congressional liaison Frank Moore called him at home Monday night. Carter wanted to see him the next morning, just nine hours before the decisive vote. At 8:45 a.m. Tuesday, Abourezk was ushered into the intimate presidential hideaway behind the Oval Office. Carter smiled very briefly, then asked Abourezk to think of what would happen to the presidency and the country if the treaty lost. It would "kill any chance for a SALT agreement" and "dissipate" Carter's "strength to deal with the Mideast." Carter said he wouldn't promise anything on natural gas "even if it means the treaty vote." Abourezk replied that he wasn't delivering an ultimatum conditioned on the substance of the natural gas bill, but could the President please keep Schlesinger out of those closed conferences? Carter said he thought so, but he would have to check with his Energy Secretary.

Later that morning, Carter phoned to say he had checked with Schlesinger—and if the Senate Energy Committee Chairman, Henry Jackson, invited him to the closed energy conferences, "he's got to go. We want the energy bill resolved." But the President was sending Schlesinger to see Abourezk.

An obviously perturbed Schlesinger stalked into Abourezk's office at 1:45 that afternoon. White House lobbyist Dan Tate sat between the two men as Schlesinger, staring at the ceiling, said his set piece: "I have been instructed to come here by the President and to state that I will not attend the conferences unless I am invited." He stopped. Abourezk asked: "Is that all you have to say?" Schlesinger answered quickly: "Yes." Abourezk dismissed him.

After Schlesinger left, Tate anxiously volunteered that he was authorized to give a broader guarantee on behalf of the White House. He discussed it with Abourezk, then wrote its provisions on the back of an envelope. First, as Carter had pledged already, there would be no more closed energy conferences in the White House. Second, if Schlesinger was invited, he would attend, but he would "encourage" the opening of the conferences. Third, he would confine himself to a resource role; he wouldn't "wheel and deal."

But Abourezk still hoped to squeeze a less ambiguous commitment out of the Administration. He wanted a promise that Schlesinger would decline any role in any closed natural gas conference, wherever it was held. He phoned Edward Kennedy and John Culver of Iowa, asking them to join Tate in his office. They arrived at 3:15 p.m. Kennedy told Tate that he was urging Abourezk to vote for the treaty in any event; but with the vote only two hours away, he didn't understand why the White House was "nickel and diming" Abourezk on the energy conferences. Tate replied that they had gone as far as they could go. Kennedy pushed harder: "We get turned down 90 percent of the time by Cabinet officers when we ask them to come up here. You can keep Schlesinger out of

PHOTOGRAPH/WIDE WORLD

those conferences." But Tate didn't give another inch; at 3:35, he, Kennedy and Culver left. A grim-faced Tate returned a minute later and implored Abourezk, "Are you going to vote for the treaty?" "No," Abourezk answered. "Right there," a presidential assistant says, "we thought we could lose it."

The Senate galleries were nearly full as Abourezk walked into the chamber at 4 p.m. All eyes turned to him briefly, then he took refuge in the Democratic cloakroom, which is reserved for senators only. There he took one last call from the President. Carter didn't ask for his vote. He only asked that Abourezk do "the right thing."

Abourezk did exactly that. He couldn't vote against the treaty, he decided, even if he was mad at Schlesinger. And the Administration had given him something. In the 6:00 p.m. roll call, the treaty eked out the necessary two-thirds majority by one vote, 68-32.

But once Carter had his Panama treaty, Abourezk quickly learned that his private treaty with the White House wasn't worth the envelope it was written on. Schlesinger was right back into the thick of the closed energy conference. "He was never asked a technical question," one conferee reported to Abourezk, who promptly called Dan Tate and complained that the Energy Secretary had broken the White House's word. "We told him yesterday what the rules were," Tate answered. "We'll lay them on him again and get back to you." Abourezk was still waiting for that call on Friday, April 21, when the closed conference, under Schlesinger's guidance, agreed to immediate natural gas price increases and outright deregulation by September 1984, at an additional cost to consumers of $30-$54 billion. One Senate liberal concludes: "Either Carter lied to Abourezk or he can't control his own Energy Secretary."

Abourezk never really expected Schlesinger to keep Carter's promise. The Panama treaty had been his brief leverage, but in the end, he had to vote for it because, as his friends assumed all along, the treaty involved his own deep values. The intelligence reports had been quite clear: A treaty defeat would have caused bloodshed in Panama, and Jim Abourezk couldn't have been the man who started it. But he's angry now and ready for a different kind of fight—on natural gas deregulation. And if he has his way, Jimmy Carter, too, may come to see at least one last connection between the Panama treaty and the energy bill: He may have to make as many phone calls, stroke as many congressional egos, and make as many deals to save that bill as he did to rescue the treaty. ●

The first all-illustrated heroic fantasy epic!

79016
$5.95

From the ashes of holocaust, a sweeping science fiction fantasy about the rise and fall of civilization after a massive nuclear cataclysm. *The First Kingdom* by Jack Katz.

A WALLABY BOOK

PUBLISHED & DISTRIBUTED BY POCKET BOOKS

Working/by Judy Strasser

THE UAW HANGS SEMI-TOUGH

"Imagine going to work guarded by men with guns and clubs. In a UAW shop! And with all those scabs around!" Tiny Green's voice quivered with anger and indignation. She had just returned to her job at the Essex manufacturing plant after a bitter nine-month strike. "I hated to go back," she said. "It hurt my pride. I'd rather have gone without a job, but I have to eat." Like other members of United Auto Workers Local 1663, Tiny Green thinks her union sold her out.

Unskilled, middle-aged women like Tiny have a hard time finding good jobs in Elwood, Indiana, a town of 12,000 people. Suppliers of small parts for the Big 3 auto makers cluster in and around the community, 35 miles northeast of Indianapolis. The small-parts factories pay low wages. Many, like Essex, reserve the better-paying jobs for men.

The Essex plant makes plastic connectors for automobile electrical systems. The factory is beastly hot in summer, frigid in winter, and always dense with acrid plastics fumes. It is the end of the line, the place people go who can't get work anyplace else. Eighty percent of Tiny's co-workers are women, mostly widowed or divorced. It's the sort of work force—desperate for jobs and therefore docile—that suits any employer just fine.

Essex is a big operation, with more than 25,000 people working in over 100 factories; according to the UAW, it has always ground out high profits. Georgia Ellis, spokeswoman for the Essex strikers, says the company specializes in "small plants in small towns on back roads." Four years ago, Essex merged with a major conglomerate, United Technologies Corporation. The U.S.' twelfth largest corporate employer, United Technologies, which changed its name from United Aircraft, is the biggest supplier of aircraft engines to airlines and the military. It includes Otis Elevator among its subsidiaries. United's 1976 sales placed it 35th in *Fortune* magazine's list of the top 500 corporations. That year the corporation's chairman and president, Harry J. Gray, pulled down $1,662,000 in wages and other benefits: the top sum, according to *Business Week*, paid to any U.S. executive.

In 1976, Tiny Green and other Essex workers earned $2.76 an hour. "One hundred dollars," Ellis says, "is more than most of these people clear after a 40-hour week." Harry J. Gray makes $100 just about every ten minutes.

During the record cold of early '77, Essex workers grew desperate. "Our people couldn't pay their fuel bills and eat," Ellis recalls. The women realized they had to do something; they decided to ask for a raise. Last spring the workers told Essex they wanted an increase of $1.20 an hour spread over three years, more sick pay, better health insurance, and improved working conditions. As the old contract was to expire in early April, the company prepared for a strike. An eight-foot chain link fence went up around the plant, topped with three rows of barbed wire. Essex hired security guards and stationed them at the gate. And then they made an offer they swore was their last: a 62¢-an-hour increase over three years.

Essex' offer would have brought workers $3.38 an hour in 1980—just pennies more than the minimum wage. "Our people said, 'No, we can't live on this.' We had to strike," Georgia Ellis recalls. "I don't think any of us, when we went out, had any idea what we were up against: the size of this company, the strength, the fight we were going to have."

The UAW representative from the regional office in Indianapolis encouraged the women to strike. He called the offer "disgraceful," Ellis says. "He said if we stood up to Essex we could break their back once and for all." But in two months of negotiating, the UAW could not convince Essex to change its offer. In early June the company wrote to all 220 strikers. Come back to work, the letters threatened, or we will find someone to take your place.

Strikebreakers, most of them men, soon arrived in Elwood from other towns—even other states; they were paid for 12-hour days, seven days a week. "I think," says Ellis, "they were hired for the express purpose of beating heads." Whether they were hired for that purpose or—as Essex insists—to keep production lines moving, the presence of scabs dramatically increased tensions outside the plant. The "Fighting Grannys" did their best to keep the strikebreakers out by picketing and blocking roads, but the sheriff appointed himself official escort for the scabs. The strikebreakers went on the attack.

Ball bearings shot from wrist rockets and slingshots pelted the pickets. Cars driven by scabs knocked strikers to the ground. Security guards fired over the picket line from gun slits newly cut in the Essex plant's metal walls. Strike supporters, in return, fired bottles, rocks, ball bearings and bullets back at the factory.

On July 6, pickets counted 88 scabs entering the plant for the morning shift. The strikers feared Essex would soon have hired enough strikebreakers to call—and win—a union decertification vote. All afternoon, striking workers and their supporters gathered at the company gate. When the scabs quit work, nearly 200 angry union people confronted them. That night the sheriff said the situation was out of control and withdrew his men.

Showdown at Essex: The Fighting Grannys vs. the scabs and the sheriff

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARVEY C. RIEDEL

NewTimes Half price forever

☐ Yes, I would like to order 19 issues of New Times for $9.50—50¢ a copy—half the newsstand rate, and to renew at half the prevailing newsstand price forever.

☐ I prefer 26 issues (one full year) for $13.00

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

For immediate service call
toll free: (800) 247-2160
In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____ APT.# _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

No-risk guarantee. If New Times isn't everything you expect, you can cancel your subscription at any time and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year.
Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

4L24

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

Get ready for the 1980s

Get ready for the 1980s

If you put your ear to the ground, you can hear the 1980s heading this way.

We know, because keeping an ear to the ground is one of the things New Times does best. Maybe better than any other magazine.

Something new is taking shape out there—a whole new mood, new ways of life, a new range of individual choices—and New Times is uniquely tuned in to it.

Every issue, we dig deeper into the things that are happening *now* that are going to determine how you will live in the years to come.

Ear-to-the-ground journalism

Subscribe to New Times (at just half the newsstand price) and we promise to be your ear to the ground. We'll help you recognize and understand and join the 1980s before most people even know they're coming.

Because New Times doesn't just report the surface of the news. We're down underneath, at the heart of what's happening. Our antennae are out to catch nuances and vibes other news magazines miss.

For instance, our story on "America's Killer Water" was a clear-eyed look at a disaster-in-the-making that most people are afraid to face.

Our special issue on "The Future" was an audacious search for meanings and portents in everything from genetic engineering to sexual crossovers, from lasers and the science of aging to coping with leisure.

Stick-to-your-ribs journalism

In this day of fast-food reporting, New Times is one magazine that will stick to your ribs.

We're fanatics for research. For probing down and in and around. We take the time and space to write at length on stories that really matter. Like our full-length, closer-than-you-ever-got profile of Andy Young. Or our diagnosis of America's 85-pound-a-year sugar habit...our story on the freaky phenomenon of kiddie porn... our complete issue on Jimmy Carter's New South. Nourishing, in-depth journalism.

Because understanding doesn't come in quick takes. And understanding is what New Times is all about.

Does that mean we're only concerned with the big life-and-death issues? Not at all.

The beat of the times

New Times catches the beat of your times...the life and pulse of a culture that's changing so fast it's hard to keep up.

Music. Movies. Books. Alternative lifestyles. Love. Environment. The new religions and cults. Rare new ideas. Our spectrum is broad, our curiosity is downright insatiable.

Start reading New Times now and you're going to know what's coming a long time before most people.

Send in the attached card to take advantage of any of our special introductory offers...all at only half the regular $1.00 newsstand rate. For example, 26 issues (one full year) for just $13.00. We guarantee you the right to renew your subscription at half the prevailing newsstand price—*forever.*

Plunge into the 1980s along with New Times. Mail the card today.

For immediate service call toll free:
(800) 247-2160.
In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

New Times
The magazine of the '80s

Merit Reputation Growing.

'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco strong attraction for increasing numbers of high tar smokers.

LOW TAR–'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Finding good taste in a low tar cigarette is no longer a problem for high tar smokers.

The taste of one low tar cigarette *is* changing the minds of hard line "taste" smokers. That cigarette: MERIT.

75% of MERIT smokers are coming directly from higher tar brands.

'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco The Reason

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain key flavor-rich ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

The result is 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. It's convincing the toughest critics of low tar smoking.

Tests among thousands of smokers show why.

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar brands.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

MERIT
Kings & 100's

"We really thought we'd won," Georgia Ellis said recently. No scabs entered the plant between the 7th and 10th of July. The sheriffs' cars were gone; the production lines closed down. But the strikers' jubilation turned to grief on Monday, July 11.

At 2 a.m. a commotion down the road from the plant distracted a group of pickets. Other strikers, including 25-year-old Carol Frye, the mother of two small children, held their posts at the company gate. Suddenly, shots rang out. Carol Frye fell to the ground. A bullet had passed through a white stripe on her blouse and lodged in her upper back, close to the spine.

Pickets say they saw, with the light of a flare, two men in guard uniforms running back to the plant just after the shots were fired. The state police who searched the plant called it an arsenal. They found shotguns, hand guns and rifles. "And yet," Ellis says, "no one was arrested. No guns were confiscated or kept. The only punishment done was to bring the state police in, tie our hands, and let Essex continue business as usual. We had to stand back and wait."

Essex hired a new bunch of scabs—a less provocative lot. And the strikers' disenchantment with the United Auto Workers grew. "This was the time," Ellis says, "when the UAW should have come in there and said, 'This damn thing has gone far enough.' Instead of that their attitude was we should quit.

"Well, our people weren't defeated. We were angry, we were frustrated, and we were damn disgusted, but we were not beaten. We would not give up."

Despite the strikers' solidarity, Essex refused to budge. The company repeated its offer—62¢ an hour—five times during the summer and fall. The UAW's representative told Local 1663 president Paul Couch that the offer was the best that they could get. But five times the striking workers refused to go back to work.

Outside support for the strike began to build after the shooting was publicized. Indiana feminists shared food and clothing with striking families. UAW locals around Elwood contributed to an emergency strike fund and to a special fund for Carol Frye. But as money and good wishes flowed in from around the country, the days began to grow short. Many strikers feared they would have to leave the picket line to find jobs when winter, with its high fuel bills, came. But they insisted that they would not go back to Essex so long as any scabs remained.

The local union demanded more help from the UAW leadership. One or more of Essex' products is built into every American car. The local asked the UAW to help organize sympathy strikes and legal boycotts of Essex goods at Chrysler, Ford and GM. "We asked for mobilization of the rank-and-file to assist us," Couch says. But the strikers got a "runaround." Finally, Regional Director Dallas Sells promised to bring up the proposals at the November meeting of the UAW's International Executive Board.

But before the Executive Board met, Sells dealt Local 1663's confidence in the UAW another nasty blow. In early October, a local judge indicted 22 strikers for violating an injunction. The regional office assured Paul Couch that the indictments posed no problem. "Don't worry about the specifics," he remembers being told. The specifics, he later learned, involved a 30-day deadline to pay $2,750 in fines. Three days after the deadline Couch got word that the International would not help with the fines. Local 1663 had 24 hours to come up with $2,750. "I asked [the UAW representative] where he expected us to get that money. He said, 'Well, how much do you have in that emergency fund?'"

Couch was incensed. The emergency fund—about $1,000 donated by other union locals—was to help strikers pay their most pressing bills. Using the fund to pay fines, Couch said, "would destitute our local, break us in half and force us back across the line." Besides, it wasn't half enough. If his people had no other choice, he said, they would go to jail.

Local 1663 rallied strong UAW locals in Detroit, as well as other strike supporters, to put the heat on at Solidarity House, the union's international headquarters. Couch threatened to publicize the "union busting tactics" of UAW Region 3 in the local media. At the last minute, the Executive Board buckled under. Paul Couch says UAW officers assured him that they would pay the fines even if they had to break union rules.

(In fact, paying the fines did not violate UAW policy. Region 3 Director Dallas Sells refuses to make any comment on the Essex strike. But a spokesman at Solidarity House told *New Times* that the union pays members' fines after considering them "case by case.")

The International Executive Board listened respectfully to Couch and other Local 1663 officers at its November meeting. Board members criticized Essex and pledged solidarity with the local. And they promised to send Carolyn Forrest, an assistant to UAW International president Douglas Fraser, to help with the bargaining. Paul Couch and Georgia Ellis returned to Elwood, encouraged. Strikers celebrated a hopeful Thanksgiving, sharing

fact: the IV does more... *much more!*

Era IV begins! The new Shure V15 Type IV phonograph cartridge is an altogether new phono cartridge system that exceeds previous performance levels by a significant degree — not merely in one parameter but in totality. The Type IV offers:

- Demonstrably improved trackability across the entire audible spectrum.
- Dynamically stabilized tracking overcomes record-warp caused problems, such as fluctuating tracking force, varying tracking angle, and wow.
- Electrostatic neutralization of the record surface minimizes clicks and pops due to static discharge, electrostatic attraction of the cartridge to the record, and attraction of dust to the record.
- An effective dust and lint removal system.
- A Hyperelliptical stylus tip configuration dramatically reduces both harmonic and intermodulation distortion.
- Ultra-flat response — individually tested.

V15 Type IV.
SUPER TRACK IV™
Stereo Dynetic® Phono Cartridge

For complete details on this remarkable new cartridge write for the V15 Type IV Product Brochure (ask for AL569) and read the exciting facts on the V15 IV for yourself.

SHURE®

Shure Brothers Inc.
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204
In Canada:
A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited
Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems, and related circuitry.

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED
(No experience required) Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE for the LP's you receive. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's. We pay postage. In return for your opinion, build your LP collection. "First come basis." For application write: EARS, DEPT. NT, Box 10245, 5521 Center St., Milwaukee, WI 53210
©1975 E.A.R.S., INC.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for free booklet L-74. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York 10001

The New Times T-shirts

Two beautiful new shirts in full color.

Available in long and short sleeves.

Long sleeve French cut comes in adult sizes: S,M,L,XL. The colors are: yellow, beige, powder blue; all with the rainbow in full color. Only $6.95 including postage and handling.

Short sleeve is our regular cut t-shirt in adult sizes: S,M,L,XL. The colors are: white, beige, yellow; all with the rainbow in full color. Only $4.95 including postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:
T-shirts New Times
1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado 80323
Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery

The New Times Tote Bag

14"x15½" with 10" high handles, sturdy and spacious. Navy with yellow lettering. Only $6.95 including postage and handling. Just send check or money order to:

**New Times,
Tote Bags, 5-15
One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.**

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery

donated turkey dinners.

But before Christmas, the Essex strike was lost. Carolyn Forrest refused to speak with *New Times* about the bargaining. Paul Couch says that she spent three hours talking with UAW regional leadership and 15 minutes talking with the local bargaining committee about negotiating strategy. On Monday, December 19, Forrest told Couch to call a union meeting for Wednesday to ratify the contract. Couch protested that the bargaining session, scheduled for December 20, had not even been held. "I said, 'We don't even know what we got yet.' She said, 'If you don't set the meeting up, your [strike] benefits will stop.'"

On the morning of December 21, Carolyn Forrest read the terms of Essex' latest offer to 70 percent of the Essex strikers—those who had heard about the ratification meeting and were able to attend.

The contract included a raise of 61¢ an hour, spread over three years: one cent less than the earlier offer the company made. It increased sick pay benefits from $35 to $37.50 per week. It offered to arbitrate the future employment of 11 Essex employees fired for alleged acts of violence on the picket line.

"It's a lousy contract," Forrest said. But she recommended that the strikers accept the offer, nonetheless.

A striker asked, "If we vote this down, will you stick by us?"

"Well, we won't throw you away, but we can't do anything else for you," Carolyn Forrest said.

The strikers, many of them in tears, accepted the contract by a vote of 70–44.

"We only asked," Georgia Ellis says, "for the return of our dignity. But they kept the scabs in that plant with top seniority, top job classification. They kept the armed guards in there. But we put our heads up because we damn well were not beaten. We were *pushed* through the gate, but we weren't beaten. And nobody's gonna make us look at the floor."

Several weeks after he returned to work, Paul Couch reflected on the strike. He had known, he said, that "you have to fight the company, you have to fight the news media, you have to fight the sheriff's department, you have to fight the police. But why in God's name," he asked, "did we even have to bicker with the union when all we were after was economic justice against a rotten corporation?"

Pete Kelly works for GM's design staff in Detroit; he also is a union gadfly who for two decades has pushed for a greater rank-and-file voice in UAW affairs. According to Kelly, the UAW is the nation's "most progressive, most dynamic union—and that tells us about the sad state of the labor movement in the United States."

Unions grew soft and complacent in the economic good times after World War II. But today they are running scared. "There's a major drive by the corporations to bust organized labor," says Kelly. Corporate profit rates have dropped in recent years. Companies are more reluctant to yield to union demands. Kelly predicts an "all-out attack" by the Big 3 auto makers. "They've cheapened cars, they've automated, they've speeded up the line." The only target left is the workers' wages.

Workers for small-parts suppliers like Essex are the first to feel the attack. Industry decisions to woo the consumer with optional gimmickry, and new safety and anti-pollution regulations have significantly increased the number of small parts in every U.S.-made car. Keeping small-parts suppliers' costs down keeps Big 3 profits up. And that's to the UAW's advantage: Higher profits will make it easier for the union to win its bargaining points.

The UAW has traditionally focused its organizing efforts on the Big 3 plants. Base wages at Chrysler, Ford and GM, for example, are almost three times as high as those Essex pays. Recent UAW conventions have resolved to organize small-parts workers, but a Solidarity House spokesman says the union has not yet figured out how; UAW members like Paul Couch and Pete Kelly don't think it's trying very hard.

As a result, the leaders of some locals are using the Essex strike to mobilize the UAW membership. Discontented auto workers traveled to central Indiana in early February from Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia and Atlanta to hear Georgia Ellis, Couch and other Essex workers talk about their strike. Later, in small workshops, they discussed building a movement among their co-workers. Only rank-and-file organizing, they agreed, could prevent such a sell-out again.

For the UAW leadership, that has to be an unsettling notion. And Pete Kelly believes the union's reluctance to push for a short workweek and cost-of-living allowances for pensioners will further arouse members during contract talks next year. Kelly thinks the Essex strike proves that workers can organize themselves—and fight for themselves—if need be. "The union is scared to hell of the rank-and-file now," he says. "There's no guarantee that they can keep them under control." ●

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Everybody Wants Dennis. In The Insider last September we reported on American Indian Movement leader Dennis Banks' efforts to avoid extradition from California to South Dakota, where he stands convicted of assault and riot in connection with the 1973 Wounded Knee occupation. California Governor Jerry Brown has now decided to block extradition, saying Banks would face "strong hostility," and perhaps physical harm, if returned. That decision didn't sit too well with South Dakota Attorney General William Janklow. Furious, Janklow said South Dakota might just ship *all* its convicted criminals to Jerry Brown's state.

Nobody Wants Dennis. For Dennis Kucinich, Cleveland's boyish new mayor, April has indeed been the cruelest month. Readers of Terence Sheridan's story in our last issue will recall that Kucinich's troubles began when he fired police chief Richard Hongisto, which triggered a campaign to remove the mayor. (Leaders of the dump Dennis drive say they will soon have enough signatures on petitions to force a recall election this summer.) Now Kucinich has dug his hole deeper. When the City Council recently decided to investigate the bizarre midnight ransacking of a city commissioner's office(in which a Kucinich appointee had been implicated), the mayor let his temper do the talking. He called the councilmen "lunatics, buffoons and reactionary fakers" and said they were "stupid, or crooks, or maybe both." The city was outraged. Two days later Kucinich apologized for his "intemperate" remarks and prepared for his "State of the City" television address. Would it be his Checkers speech? You'll have to stay tuned—Kucinich later canceled the talk.

Spaceman In Orbit. After his team lost to Cincinnati in the 1975 World Series, Boston Red Sox pitcher Bill "Spaceman" Lee took off for Peking, saying he wanted to see the *real* Big Red Machine. Things like that earned Lee the reputation of being a "flake"—which is fine if you keep winning but fatal if you don't. Last season, as George Kimball reported in his story, "The Devil in Bill Lee" (*NT*, 9/30/77), there was a stretch when Lee wasn't winning and was nearly dropped from the team. This year, we are glad to report, the pitcher who was unpredictable before Mark Fidrych made it fashionable, has so far compiled a perfect 4–0 record. ●

Lunch time in the patio of our La Rojeña distillery.

When our workers sit down to lunch they sit down to a tradition. When they make Cuervo Gold it's the same.

It happens every day as it's happened since 1795. At just about eleven the wives from Tequila arrive at the Cuervo distillery bearing their husbands' lunches.

Traditional lunches lovingly placed in hand-embroidered napkins and hand-woven baskets which epitomize the pride the people of Tequila have always taken in doing things right.

It is this very same pride in the tradition of a job well done that makes Cuervo Gold special. Versatile and adaptable, with a taste beyond compare. Neat, on the rocks, with a splash of soda, in a perfect Sunrise or Margarita, Cuervo Gold will bring you back to a time when quality ruled the world.

Cuervo. The Gold standard since 1795.

CUERVO ESPECIAL® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1977 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Sen. Robert Byrd and Carter aide Frank Moore:
In Washington, this is considered funny

The Insider

GEORGE TAMES/NYT PICTURES

Politics

After the Flood

Big Ed Davis Pulls Even in Coast Fight to Joust Brown

With Ronald Reagan riding into the Geritol sunset of his career, California conservatives are now wrapping themselves around the big burly body of gubernatorial hopeful Ed Davis, L.A.'s former hot-blooded police chief. And, to everyone's surprise, "Crazy Ed," as he's known in Sacramento GOP circles, has pulled even in the gubernatorial nomination fight with old stand-by and long time front-runner Evelle Younger.

WIDE WORLD

Davis: The Grateful Ed

Davis' ascension is due to two factors: Younger's precipitous decline in the polls and the chief's endorsement, alone among the major GOP contenders, of the popular Jarvis Tax Limitation Initiative. With the backing of such conservative organizations as the California Republican Assembly, Davis is assured of the zealous troops which a decade ago put Reagan into the governor's mansion.

If Davis gets the nod, many republican legislators believe their party could get routed this fall. The consensus in the capital, even among conservative republicans, is that the more cosmetically conventional will win: that only moderate republican Ken Maddy or San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson have any chance of hurling Jerry Brown back into the Zen Center. "Davis is a threat," warned GOP assembly caucus chief Jean Chappie. "He'll get tarred and feathered like Max Rafferty, and Barry Goldwater. Ed shoots from the hip, and we don't need that."

Meanwhile, the GOP developments have caught the Brown people completely unawares. They had virtually conceded the nomination to Younger who Davis recently called, "about as exciting as a mash potato sandwich." A Davis nomination is now considered possible, as is a win for Ken Maddy the man the democrats fear most.

Well, not all democrats. Jerry Brown's stand-offish style and national ambitions have turned off a lot of legislators who, one party legislative leader admitted, might take a walk if the popular, attractive and somewhat moderate Maddy gets the nod. "A lot of rank and filers here can sure live with him."

Besides worrying about Maddy, Brown has other things going against him. The FBI investigation of California politics is probing deeper into Brown-maker Chuck Manatt and into the whole State Health Department mess, an area where some of Brown's supporters in L.A., including some in the minority community, could get caught with their hands in the proverbial cookie jar. Suddenly, there's a growing recognition among the more down-to-earth Brownies that before thinking of taking on Mr. Peanut, they better get past November first.

—Joel Kotkin

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

CECELIA WHITE

Who's the bad boy now?: Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, returning from his late April Moscow talks, now believes that the big obstacle to a SALT arms control agreement is the intransigence of the Pentagon and Senate hardliners—not the Kremlin. Ha. "The Russians are being reasonable," says a State Department official. "Now if only the Senate Armed Services Committee would be." •

200 Million suckers with thermostats: Early this year, in a meeting with Saudi officials, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger surprised and shocked them by pressuring them to hold down both oil production and estimates of oil reserves. Yow! Why did he say *that*? He explained to the incredulous Saudis that the appearance of an oil glut—and one had appeared—would reduce the sense of emergency in the United States about the Energy Crisis and the need to pass the Carter energy package. •

WIDE WORLD

Funding OK for Lesbian Sea Gulls But Not Heterosexual Scientists

When the National Science Foundation concluded recently that some sea gulls are lesbians, they got the big Ha! But that's not why they're having trouble getting the 8 percent budget increase they've requested for next year's funding. Congressional investigators are much more concerned about $1.6 million awarded to the University of Colorado and then played with by one of the chief recipients, Dr. J. Eugene Haas.

Haas pleaded guilty in a Colorado court to billing his school and the foundation for the same travel expenditures. Worse, investigators have discovered that Haas spent foundation money to take a trip to Hong Kong with a female colleague and set up an apartment for the two of them. Haas charged about $450 of wood carvings and art objects from Hong Kong to the foundation.

Haas' firm, set up with his wife, was exposed when he overcharged the University of Illinois $20,000 for NSF grant work. Scientific opinion on Haas' work has sunk precipitously: one peer decided that a recent $500,000 Haas study on "Socio-Economic and Political Consequences of Earthquake Predictions" was nothing that couldn't be produced by "a few good thinkers in a brainstorming session." Investigators also expressed a certain dissatisfaction with one of the auditors handling the monitoring of Haas' grants. He was one of the doctor's former students.

—Valerie Strauss

Only one of the world's four biggest car companies specializes in small cars.

According to *Fortune* magazine's latest report, the world's four biggest automobile companies, ranked by sales, were General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, and Renault.

That's right, Renault.

Renault is the largest non-American car company. And we got there the hard way – by concentrating on smaller cars with smaller prices.

Back in 1898, the very first Renault was a *voiturette* (French for "small car").

Four years later, we were building lightweight *voiturettes* that outperformed cars with twice the weight and five times the horsepower, all over the roads – and road races – of Europe.

In 1926, a compact Renault was the first car capable of doing more than 100 miles an hour for 24 hours. (It averaged 106.53, a world record.)

And in 1942, Renault built and tested a small (972 pounds), four-door car with fully independent suspension, room for six-footers up front, and a four-cylinder engine in the rear. After the war, we mass-produced that car as the 4CV. And exported more than 3,200 of them to the United States in 1948, the year before the arrival of the first two VW Beetles.

Today, the world car market is a small-car market. So it's hardly surprising that Renault is the only company in the world to turn out two of the world's six best-selling models. It's even less surprising that Le Car is one of them.

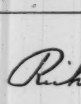
Everything we've learned about building small cars in nearly 80 years – and about building the kind of small cars people want to buy – we built into Le Car. We gave it the kind of economy people expect from a small car – plus the kind of roominess, comfort, performance, and ride they don't.

As a result, more than 2 million people all over the world have made Le Car their car since we introduced it in 1972. In Europe, the home of small cars, Le Car has *outsold Rabbit and Fiesta combined.*

Since last year, Le Car has more than doubled its sales in the United States alone. And in a recent independent survey, owner satisfaction with Le Car was at an incredible 95%.

It just goes to show that when you specialize in making cars small, you build the kind of cars that make you big.

Renault Le Car Company



See, I make my autograph rare like the price, then—sign like mad! What a killing!

If you're planning on deep-sixing $250 on the deluxe autographed edition of the R. M. Nixon *Memoirs*, forget it—Bernie Cornfeld could invest your money better. According to Charles Hamilton, the autographs will be signed by the famous Nixon autopen that affixed the President's signature to almost every piece of correspondence to leave the White House between 1969 and 1974.

Nixon used 14 different autopen signatures while he was President (an autopen can perform 3,000 signatures a day). Even his informal memos were suspect: He had three different 'RN' autopen patterns to choose from. "I don't think he signs anything unless you shove a piece of paper under his nose," says Hamilton. "There is a great rarity of Nixon's signature on anything except little slips of paper, which aren't worth much."

Nevertheless, the Nixon signature is starting to glut the collectors market—the most exciting examples have acquired the patina of genuine ink treasures. Madeline Gorman, a reference librarian in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, claims to have the "last personal letter" Nixon signed before resigning the Presidency and has put a $1,000 tag on it, a price Hamilton scoffs at. "Nixon must have sent out at least 50,000 identical letters," he says. He values the machine-made letters at only a few dollars apiece. "I never heard of a Nixon signature on a White House letter," he says. The signatures were all handled by the autopens or by Rosemary Woods, Nixon's secretary. ("She was very good at that sort of thing.")

WIDE WORLD

Nixon: Writes

An autographed Nixon book is so rare as to be nonexistent. Hamilton recalled that when *Six Crises* first appeared, a deluxe signed edition had been offered to an eager public. It now turns out that "every damned one of them" was signed by machine. "I have no doubt the *Memoirs* are also going to be graced with the autopen," says Hamilton. "I don't think Nixon's going to sign anything." Still, bogus Nixon letters and autographs are constantly being shown to him. "The lunatic fringe," he says, "is the parameter of my office." —*Josh Martin*

Anne Wexler Hired to Bring Competence to White House

If nothing else, Anne Wexler, the new addition to the roster of presidential assistants, is a pragmatic politician. She is also not a Georgian, and she has ties to the liberal constituency unhappy with Jimmy Carter. These are all helpful qualities, in a midterm election year, to a beleaguered President.

Her exact duties are as yet undefined, but Wexler, who moves into the West Wing in a couple of weeks, is expected to fill some of the large political chasm between the White House and the world outside Washington. That includes performing liaison duties with state party chairmen, a job which was never done properly by Mark Siegel, the political aide who quit in a huff over Carter's Mideast policy. She will presumably encroach on some of the public liaison turf of the other woman presidential aide, Midge Costanza, whose fairly feeble power seems to be declining further.

WIDE WORLD

Wexler: Consenting adult

Anne Wexler, 48, has been Deputy Under Secretary of Commerce since the inception of the Carter Administration. The job came as a reward for a stalwart effort during the campaign.

A veteran of the Democratic Party's Rules Committee during the McCarthy and McGovern campaigns, she used her formidable knowledge on party intricacies to Carter's advantage in 1976. Her liberal friends scolded her for backing a Carter resolution that didn't guarantee women an equal share of seats at future national conventions. She answered them: "The point is, when you represent a candidate, you represent a candidate. If you don't have any ideological problems, you do it." She crafted Reverend Joseph Duffey's successful challenge to the Connecticut Democratic organization in 1970 for the senatorial nomination—he won the primary but lost the election to Lowell Weicker.

She married Duffey in 1974 and they moved to Washington. She had a stint as associate publisher of *Rolling Stone* before joining Juanita Kreps' Commerce Department. With Joseph Duffey as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, the pair became a celebrated political couple.

Wexler is a pro. She has been totally loyal to Carter. When other women in the Administration protested the President's anti-abortion stand, Wexler remained silent.

Says another non-Georgian political pro close to the White House: "They needed help and they needed someone reliable. If you're looking around, her name would come up in a hurry. She's a natural." —*Jane Perlez*

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

Special Savings Certificate

NewTimes

☐ *I understand that this certificate entitles me to receive* nineteen issues of **NEW TIMES** for only $9.50—*50¢ a copy – half the newsstand rate, and to renew at half the prevailing newsstand price forever.*

☐ *I prefer 26 issues (one full year) for $13.00*

☐ Payment enclosed
(Mail in envelope)

☐ Bill me later

For immediate service call
TOLL FREE 800-247-2160

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

4L36

HALF PRICE FOREVER
Half the prevailing newsstand price forever.

Le Fun Car

Strange things happen to Le Car owners. Normally sedate drivers suddenly find themselves zapping around city streets with abandon. Or blasting along winding rural lanes. Or just looking for excuses to drive out to the country for picnics or antiques.

But then, nothing brings out the "car buff" in a driver quite like Le Car.

An exciting responsive car that's fun to drive.

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. (Fiesta, Rabbit, Civic and Chevette don't offer this combination of standard features.)

This results in the kind of incredible handling and cornering that makes Le Car a thrill to race (Le Cars finished first, second or third 122 times in 132 SSC races during 1977) and an absolute ball to drive.

Le Car makes long drives fun instead of tedious.

If Le Car's great performance makes it exciting to drive, its exceptional comfort makes it a pleasure.

Critics generally agree that Le Car offers the smoothest ride of any small car. And it has what may be the most comfortable seats this side of a luxury sedan.

What's more, in proportion to its exterior length, Le Car has more interior space than any other car.

To top it all off is the biggest sunroof (optional) on any small car. We call it a fun roof.

Le Car gets 41 MPG highway/ 26 MPG city according to 1978 EPA figures.* Remember: these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Millions of people are "hooked" on Le Car.

In Europe, where every driver is an enthusiast, nearly 2 million people drive Le Car. (That's more than Rabbit and Fiesta combined.)

And in America, Le Car has more than doubled its sales in just one year.

What's more, an independent survey showed that Le Car owner satisfaction is at an incredible 95%.

Le Car prices start at only $3583.† A small price to pay for the most fun you can have on four wheels. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

*California excluded. †P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/ washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. Renault USA, Inc. ©1978.

Le Car by Renault

Last year, Thrusters were the next step in sound. This year, we've gone a step further.

Parabolic short horn. For better sound direction in Thrusters.

Last year, Panasonic introduced Thrusters speakers for Matched Components—the speakers with a passive radiator for a powerful, extra thrust of bass.

This year, we're introducing a new Thrusters speaker for Matched Components. The SB-1800. To our famous Thrusters, it adds what our engineers call "a parabolic short horn." It does in your home what it does in concert halls: Controls dispersion for greater sound intensity of mid-range and high-frequency notes. For an amazing sense of presence. So your music feels like it's "right in the room." When you combine this with Thrusters' superb bass response, you have an ideal match.

One more ideal match: The SB-1800 with one of our Matched Components systems. Like the RA-6600 AM/FM stereo receiver with 8 track and RD-3500 12" automatic return turntable (with magnetic cartridge and dustcover) shown here.

New Thrusters SB-1800 speakers: An extra thrust of bass. An extra thrust of mid-range. An extra thrust of treble. It all adds up to one thing: An extra thrust of enjoyment.

All cabinetry is simulated wood.

Panasonic.

just slightly ahead of our time.

Live from Frisco: It's *Apocalypse*, Finally

Coppola: On the line

Media

From the beginning, Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* has been a maelstrom of torrid publicity, cost overruns and lengthy production delays. Typhoons real and constructed. This sort of madness hardly ever augurs good things (see: *Cleopatra*, *Star!*, *Hello Dolly!*, etc.). First scheduled for release last Christmas, *Apocalypse Now* was postponed to Easter; now it is firmly scheduled for a Christmas opening. As a story, it's graduated from the Show Biz to the Finance pages. Nervous film executives and distributors have been agonizing over details such as theater bidding for exhibitors (also delayed) and admission price (hysterical estimates have ranged as high as $7.00).

By last week, although the film is months from its premiere, Coppola had managed to edit more than 1,500,000 feet of film into a two hour and forty minute rough cut and April 25, he screened it to 700 employees and friends in San Francisco. Admission was by invitation only, and guards at the door checked closely.

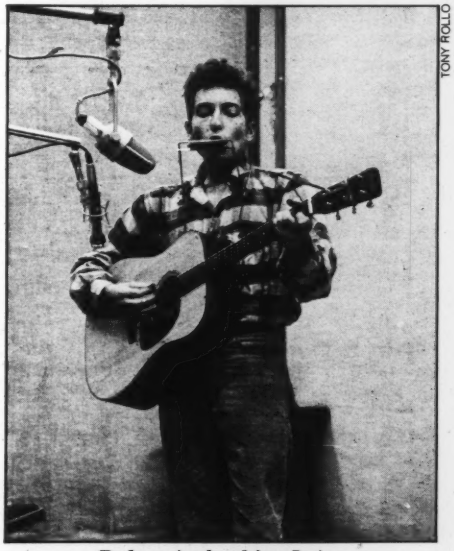
Coppola apologized to the audience for the quality of the rough cut and the fact that it was 35 and not 70 mm. film. Sound effects were also missing. "If there's anyone from the press here," said the bearded director, "it would be foolish to write about it now. The film is not finished yet."

Nevertheless, employees of Coppola's Cinema Seven production company then distributed white "movie reaction" cards that asked five questions about the film and another four, cheekily enough, about the viewer. One hundred and sixty minutes later when the cards were returned, the responses appeared to be mixed. "It was terrific!" said Billy X., a 14 year-old who'd managed to sneak in with some of his school friends (it was, he argued, Spring Vacation). "I never knew it was that heavy," he said of Coppola's big achievement. "The fighting scenes really wiped me out."

Others saw political implications. "I think he had a chance to make a brilliant movie," said one viewer. "For the first third of the movie I thought he had—but then—" Yes? "Well he just reinforces everything we've been taught about American colonialism."

One viewer knew too well whether Coppola had done good on Vietnam. "A collage of inhumanity, grief and sensationalism . . . stunning," said Ron Kovick, paraplegic Vietnam veteran and author of *Born on the Fourth of July*, which will soon be another Viet movie (NT: March 20). Coppola had invited Kovick to see the screening and had told him earlier, "the beauty of this film is that it could either be right or left." "That confused me," Kovick told us. "I mean, are we watching a movie statement about our involvement and the American hypocrisy in Vietnam, or a *Sgt. Rock* comic?" Would he go see it again? "Definitely. It is a cinematic pyrotechnic, the equivalent of 100 Fourth of July celebrations."

Dat Old Man Dylan, He Just Keeps Rolling Along



Dylan: Ambushing L.A.

You won't find it on your summer schedule, but take it from us: Bob Dylan and friends are playing seven nights (count 'em) at Los Angeles' Universal Amphitheatre during the first week in June.

Recently returned from a successful tour of Japan and Australia (Bob sold out a Tokyo 11,000-seat arena on eight nights), the crew has been rehearsing in usual secrecy at Dylan's renovated gun factory/studio in Santa Monica, working out versions of the 14 new songs the singer has come up with in the last couple of months. Recording commenced last week and will probably be wrapped up by the time you read this. Renaldo works fast.

We heard a couple of new Dylan tunes at a party last week and made note of one, "Or is Your Love in Vain?" The last verse will, we predict, be ample grist for rock critics:

"Can you cook and sew," sings Dylan, "Make flowers grow; Can you understand my pain?" Out of context, the phrase will feed those cynical *Rolling Stone* English majors for a week. But the affectionate know better: The songs and phrases are important, some of the best things we've heard since *Blood on the Tracks*, and just as different.

Dylanologists will want to watch out for a couple of Japanese import LPs: *Masterpieces*, a three-record set of Bob's greatest hits, includes the first album appearance of "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window" (one of the first songs he recorded with The Band), and a live recording of what turned out to be, according to one member of the entourage, "One of those concerts that you always wished was the one that they recorded. This time they got it." — *W. Fengold*

Pacific Overtures

Assault on a Queen: Spunky *Herald Examiner* Boxes *Times*

They call it "the velvet coffin." For years the fat, rich, sleep-inducing *Los Angeles Times* has dominated Southern California. But suddenly, a presence that threatens to inject the unknown factor of competition has thrust itself into L.A.'s placid print media market. The threat, like lively insurgents of old, has the Hearst label: the *Herald-Examiner* is crusading to reverse its steady decline and challenge the *Times'* dominance of Avocado-land. And while the *Herald Examiner*'s new editor, Jim Bellows, admits circulation isn't exactly shooting upwards, at least the *Herald* is beginning to annoy some of the sleepy masters at the Times Mirror Square.

Besides cleaning up and energizing the long-sick *Herald*, Bellows has also chosen to poke fun in public at the *Times'* lords and ladies. In recent issues of the paper, for instance, the *Herald* has ambushed *Times* publisher Otis Chandler for his klutzy remarks that his paper—it alone calls itself "One of the World's Great Newspapers"—is simply "too big" and "too complicated" for L.A.'s black and brown population. Reacting in the *Herald's* media column, Bellows seized the moment by running a local black paper's headline—"*Blacks Too Dumb To Read the Times*." Shortly afterwards Bellows ran a picture of a man in a frog costume and claimed that this was Otis' new minorities editor.

Bellows, former editor at the *Washington Star*, said that his jabs at the *Times* are just part of making the L.A. scene. "It seems like part of the celebrity establishment of this town," the gravel voiced Bellows said. "We're covering them as part of the power structure of this town."

High-ranking *Times* officials, however, refuse to return our calls about Bellows' little jab. But they may have been getting revenge recently when they printed a particularly tedious two-part series on the *Herald*, guaranteed to eliminate any interest in the minor revolution.

Yet it seems unlikely that the *Herald* can do much more than tickle the toes of the great *Times* giant. Coffin watchers know the *Times* really could care less what the minorities think since it is busily expanding southward—into predominantly white San Diego County.

"There's a feeling the *Times* can't make it in L.A. anyway," said one *Times* man, "Otis wants to go where the money is. The joke now is that Phoenix is next for expansion because they're growing. He'll go where the middle-class, educated people are. Money's the only thing that matters."

—Joel Kotkin

Chandler: Open season

Down the chute

Shafted: The Miners—as Their Health Plan is Negotiated Away

In its frenzy to end the coal strike, the Carter Administration has helped to do away with the nation's only regionally based, consumer-oriented health care program.

Until negotiators blundered their way into an agreement in mid-March, UMW coal miners and their families enjoyed prepaid, comprehensive health care based on community controlled clinics and stressing preventive medicine. Royalties from coal were put by companies into the central UMW Health and Retirement Funds to support the system.

Miners: Coke gets in your eyes

Under the *new* contract, which allows each operator to pay a private insurer, this system has been abandoned in favor of the high-cost, fee-for-service, Blue Cross-rehash that the rest of us suffer along with.

The UMW health care system was a model for the type of planning advocated by Carter, Califano, Kennedy and other national health insurance advocates. It cut down on hospital costs and discouraged needless operations. Unlike big-city physicians, many of the doctors working in the hospitals and clinics supported by the UMW Funds were salaried—and, as a former funds employee put it, "When doctors are salaried, they're not going to yank out uteri to make money." (When abandoned, the UMW plan was providing equivalent health care that was cheaper than Medicaid or plans set up for General Motors employees and federal workers.)

The result for the millions who live in the eastern coalfields will be more expensive (estimates range from 5–25 percent increases across the board) and less comprehensive health care. The demise of the UMW Health Funds is also going to be felt in future union organizing drives. For years, the union "health card" was a powerful incentive for signing a UMW checkoff card.

Moreover, it appears that what miners lost at the bargaining table will be further compensated by government grants. Between $6 and $8 million dollars have already been appropriated for ailing coalfield hospitals and clinics. All settled.

Seventies

—Bill Bishop

© 1978—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"These days, why do I smoke?"

"With all the talk about smoking and high tar, it didn't take much imagination for me to conclude that the cigarette of the future would taste good and probably be low in tar as well.

"So I figured why wait till then?

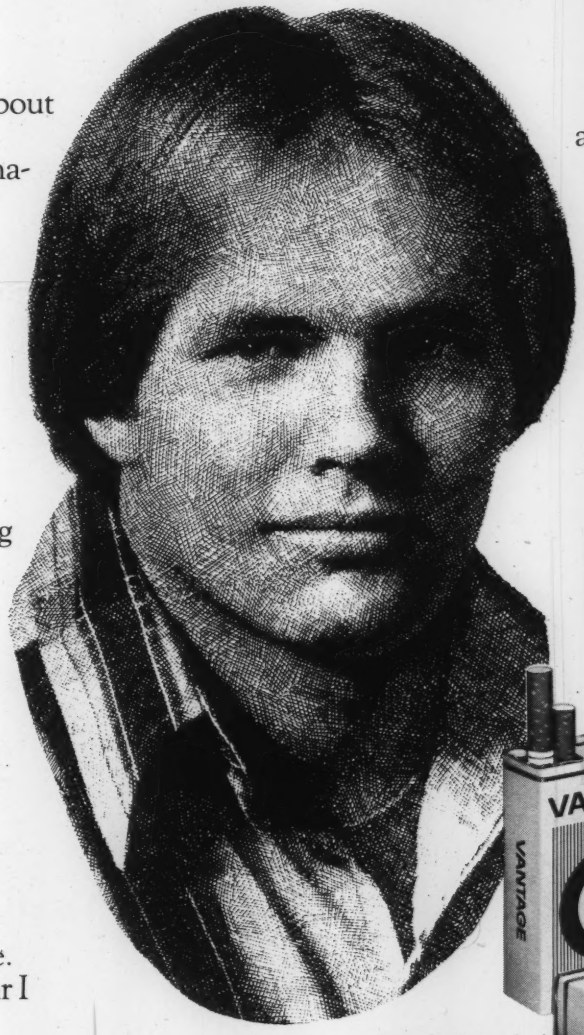
"After all, I like to smoke. For taste. For enjoyment.

"So I started looking for a low-tar cigarette that could give me everything I wanted from smoking.

"Well, that wasn't easy. Most low-tar cigarettes had no taste and drawing on them made my cheeks meet.

"Then I discovered Vantage.

"It was my kind of cigarette. It gave me taste. Pleasure. And the low tar I was looking for.



"Vantage is the cigarette a lot of smokers are going to be turning to in years to come.

"For me it was a lot more pleasurable to turn to them today."

John O'Neill
John O'Neill
Stone Mountain, Georgia

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Ask Not For Whom Griffin Bell Tolls —It's the Snail Darter

UPI

Bell: Mr. Compassion

It was a classy last gasp for the Snail Darter. Carried into the United States Supreme Court by a swallow-tailed attorney general in morning coat, the three-inch endangered perch was Exhibit Seven in a continuing legal and political battle that stopped construction early last year of the Tennessee Valley Authority's $116 million Tellico Dam Project in eastern Tennessee.

The dam had threatened the Darter's natural spawning ground in the Little Tennessee River. Now 95 percent finished, $3 million has been added to the projected cost and Bell and the government are arguing to finish the job if not the fish.

But the government's opinion on the question of perch and state was not unanimous: attached to Griffin Bell's brief was an appendix from Secretary of Interior Cecil Andrus, suggesting that the attorney general didn't know a snail from a Darter and that the dam shouldn't be finished. Bell, said an Interior Department spokesman, "expressed some vexation."

The court wanted to know why the government couldn't make up its mind. Associate Justice Lewis F. Powell Jr. complained that the departments were at "swords points."

Part of the dispute lies in the confusion over how many Snail Darters exist. Bell called the TVA's transplant of about 600 of the fish into the Hiwassee River in 1975 a "success story" because the TVA estimates that around 1500 are now alive and well there. Andrus, according to an Interior spokesman is "extremely skeptical. It's a small number and declining fast." Detroit professor Zygmunt J . B. Plater, backed by seven amicus briefs from environmental groups, and two bands of Cherokee Indians also questioned the figures, and with reason: it turns out that the TVA actually found only 14 Darters when they checked the Hiwassee last year, and just extrapolated the larger number.

The TVA estimates fewer than 1000 Snail Darters remain in the Little Tennessee—down from 15,000 when the fish was discovered in 1973. Congress has discussed taking the fish off the endangered list, setting up a commission to study the problem, or just using the dam for flood control. The court is not expected to rule on the case until next fall. The Darter may not be around to hear the decision.

—Bob Drogin

Prisoners of Gender

I Dreamt I Was in Prison in My Maidenform Bra

Prisoner rehabilitation in California took on a new twist this month when it was announced that the state was providing female sex hormones and brassieres to transsexual inmates at the California Medical Facility at Vacaville.

Vacaville, a state prison for convicted criminals who also have psychiatric problems, has 13 transsexual inmates housed in a special wing of the facility. An official at the California State Department of Corrections told *New Times* that the bras-and-hormones program was created in response to the steady increase in the admission of inmates with abnormal sexual tastes to Vacaville. "We have a nice assortment over there," explained the official who asked not to be identified. "They have their sex problems."

The corrections official saw nothing unusual about the program, explaining that the facility was merely adjusting to the looser sexual mores that had produced an increase in transsexuals at Vacaville. "People out here are getting used to the fact that they do some pretty wild things in California," the official said.

The corrections official took questions about the transsexual program in stride. Alluding to another of Vacaville's inmates, the official said with a shrug, "It's a change from all the calls about Charlie Manson."

—Paul Grabowicz

DAVE PATRICK/BERKELEY BARB

Transvestite: State uniform

Gimme Tax Shelter

And from this little joint, a mighty empire grew

Dealers' Financial Group of Burbank. It's got a deal for you. If *you're* making *big* money on the *marijuana* market but *don't* know how to invest it—it's Dealers'! If the IRS is looking over your shoulder and asking questions about your high cash flow—try Dealers'!

Dealers'! The brainchild of two California businessmen who realized that many illicit drug merchants have high incomes but *no way to spend them* without attracting the attention of the IRS. For $100 an hour, Dealers' *will advise pushers* and others "in unusual business enterprises" how to *incorporate, use tax shelters, invest in real estate* and spend illicit income *without fear of government harassment.*

One Dealers' partner explained: "We put *people* with illegal incomes onto the byways of *legitimate business.* Recently a bunch of people at New York's Chemical Bank were busted for laundering marijuana dealers' money. If people have their heads in the right place, there's no reason why they can't handle their income openly, *without that kind of problem!*" Or, as one piece of Dealers' literature puts it: "Why do you think the Mafia wears business suits?" Good question! Dealers' can be reached by phone—unlisted—in Burbank. If you're thinking of seeking them out, remember their prior warning as voiced by one of the Dealers' partners: "We're looking for dealers with *big incomes, NOT penny ante.*"

—Bill Wallace

It'll serve Dad right.

The personalized V.O. Server holds the 1.75 liter*of V.O. and lets him pour elegantly. To order for Father's Day or any special day, send $11.99 (plus $2.00 for handling) along with your name and address and the name you want engraved (up to 20 letters) to: V.O. Server, Dept. NS, P.O. Box 5062, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. *1.75 LITERS (59.2 FL. OZ.)

Add local and state sales tax where applicable. Offer good except where prohibited or restricted by law. Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Our engine sits sideways

When people sit in a Honda Civic® 1200* or Civic CVCC® for the first time, they are often surprised at the amount of room inside.

They discover that despite their brief overall length our Civics have plenty of room for four adults. Plus luggage space behind the rear seat.

How do we do it? To help solve the mystery, we took the roof and hood off a Honda Civic CVCC Hatchback.

As you can now see, one reason for the Civic's roominess is the way the engine sits. Because it sits sideways, instead of

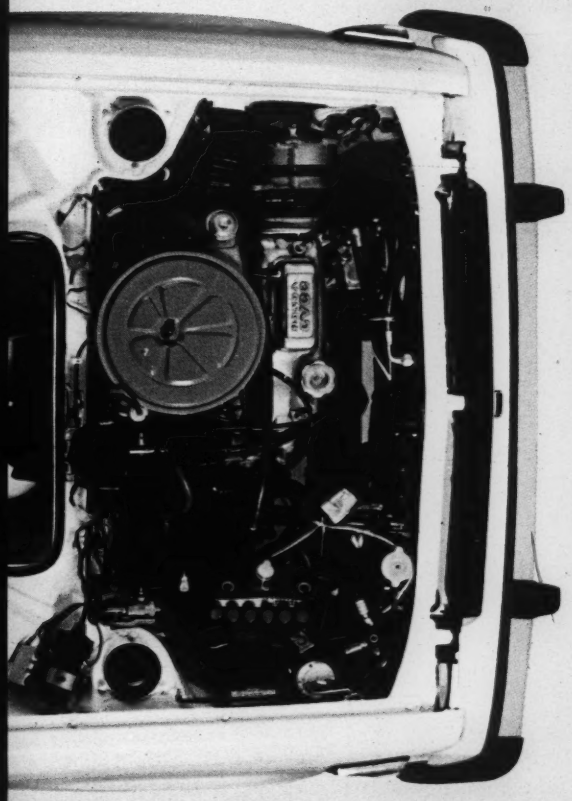
HONDA CIVIC CVCC 4-SPEED HATCHBACK.

so you don't have to.

lengthwise, the engine doesn't interfere with front-seat legroom. Instead, it is neatly tucked away up front, out of everybody's way.

Of course, the engine in our Civic CVCC 4-speed Hatchback is sitting pretty when it comes to fuel economy. This model got 42 mpg for highway driving, 36 mpg city, according to EPA estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. Mileage estimates are lower for California and high altitude cars.

Getting back to roominess. We gave the Civic additional space by giving it front-wheel drive. This means there is no drive-shaft to the rear wheels, so the hump running through the passenger compartment is reduced.



So now when you sit in a Honda Civic, please don't be surprised that you're not cramped for space. And that you're not sitting sideways.

After all, it was a simple matter to make our engine sit that way instead.

HONDA

We make it simple.

*Civic 1200 not available in California and high altitude areas.

© 1978 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Civic, Civic 1200, and CVCC are Honda trademarks.

NewTimes

by Lacey Fosburgh

The Berkeley Rapist

"All I remember is seeing his eyes. His teeth, and his eyes staring back at me in the dark. He caught me by the neck and lunged at me, threw me against the wall so fast I couldn't get out a scream..."

There was a man hidden back in the garden, in the bushes near the house. He was crouched down, one more shadow among the shadows of the night. The sky was clear above San Francisco Bay and down on the Berkeley Flats it was hot. The air was full of the scent of roses and eucalyptus trees, but there was also the odd smell of something else, petroleum perhaps. It exuded from the man's body like steam. It was June 24, 1973, the date of his first attack. He would execute scores, maybe even hundreds, of others. They would be long, hard, ugly rapes, and his smell—of gasoline or paint or something—would earn him the name Stinky.

The street was quiet that night. It was one o'clock. The house by the garden was small, the rent was maybe $125 a month. The windows were locked; there was one bedroom and one sleeper. The woman lay on her stomach with her hands at her sides. She doesn't have a name and this is not her story. Her crime report is just one of many in the files, the details all the same, and the house where she lived was just the first red pin on a police map soon to be covered with red pins.

But this woman was number one, and she had been asleep for over an hour.

A weight rammed into her back with the impact of a Mack truck and locked her into place. Her heart thumped with terror, and her eyes opened into blackness as a hand pushed her face down into the mattress, grinding it like a cigarette. She tried to scream.

"Shut up, you bitch, or I'll kill you," a man's voice said.

A knife pushed against her neck. She struggled, but his knees ground into her ribs. His crotch pressed against her buttocks. The man was dressed, and he gave off a terrible odor.

He blindfolded her with the pillowcase and said he wanted money. She was relieved, but after he left to get her purse in the living room, she heard him moving about for too long. Then, when he came back closer, she heard the sound of denim falling as he stepped out of his pants. She knew she would be raped. Maybe murdered.

The knife went up behind her ear. "Turn over," he said. She turned and he pulled the sheet down and stood looking at her. She was naked except for the pillowcase. She never saw him.

"Open your legs." His voice was hard, cold, engaged in pure hate.

She complied.

"Wider."

Her heart pounded as he stretched out on top of her. She felt the tip of his penis. He pushed it against her, but it wouldn't go in.

Her vagina was dry, closed.

He jammed her and jammed her until her skin got pushed aside and his penis went in. Then he started riding her. On and on, but he never ejaculated. He wore gloves the whole time.

In a while his penis got soft, then hard, soft—but still without an ejaculation—then hard, and each time it softened, he pulled out of her and took her hand and ordered her to massage his penis until he could start again. From the feel of it, it seemed four inches long, not much thicker than a hot dog.

"Pretend you like it . . . pretend you're having a good time," he said sometimes. Mostly he was ferocious, gross with rage: "You black bitch . . . You fucking black bitch."

Her vagina felt as if a rope were being pulled back and forth through it. Hour after hour went by. She hurt, and her ego and self-esteem were being fractured in a thousand pieces.

He ordered her to move and turn and hug him and kiss him. She kept hoping for morning. Finally, sometime about five a.m., he had a climax. He'd been at it close to four hours.

The orgasm didn't seem to bring much release.

Then, abruptly, threatening to kill her if she told the police, he got up, climbed back through the window he had pried open and was gone.

She could give the police no description except for the weird smell and a voice that sounded black.

The city of Berkeley spreads out in all directions in a pattern roughly square. It is 6,503 acres of small box houses and churches and hills; a university with some of the best minds and technology in the world; traffic lanes for bicycles and more graffiti about the CIA than about sex; rambling houses with pools and views; group meetings everywhere for men, women,vegetarians, gays, revolutionaries, step-parents, single parents, 12-year-old kids living together in communes; one high school; and a population last year of 116,716.

It is, all in all, 10.16 sq. miles of developed land and another 7.9 sq. miles of marshes and sand along the waterfront. But the territory Stinky would take for

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. FOWLER-GALLAGHER

A Neighborhood Under Seige: Terrified residents have covered their windows with metal bars and boards

himself would be small and compact, 8 blocks in one direction and, depending on how you counted, either 12 blocks or something more like 20 blocks in the other direction, a narrow turf running north-south through the middle of town.

The first three years nearly all his victims would be black, the last two years most would be white. They would range in age from 19 to 87 and, except for some with infant children, would all live alone, on the ground floor of houses or small apartment buildings. Stinky would always come in without a sound, often through locked windows he apparently had pried open in advance. He would stay an average of three hours, often not have an orgasm, and always boast that the police would never catch him. Then he would leave just as mysteriously as he had come. He would leave behind no clues, no evidence, nothing but semen and that smell.

In June 1973, Vivian Michaels* was living here in a small cottage surrounded by acacia trees. Sarah Hughes* was a nurse, Jane* was preparing to enter law school, and Carolyn Craven was a well-known reporter for the local television station, covering her hometown, Berkeley. They were some of the victims.

The rapes would not affect just the victims and their families. In time the sense of menace and dread would spread to the community as a whole. Berkeley—a small intimate place where people are joined together in a common sense of activist politics—Berkeley would be faced with the specter of a crime that couldn't be solved and a criminal who couldn't be caught. To this day Stinky continues to plunge out of the darkness into a woman's life as if on a campaign of guerrilla war. He has not been apprehended or even tentatively identified.

Lucille Henderson* had been laughing about this time in 1973. The couple across the street had put bars on their windows, and she told people she thought they were silly. Later she would almost die from the mere fear of being a Stinky victim.

Inspector Brian Oliver was 28 years old in 1973. Reputedly the first man in the Berkeley Police Department to have long hair, he was a sergeant in the burglary detail. In October 1977, he was put in charge of the Special Rape Task Force. By the spring of 1978, when police paranoia was rampant, Oliver would suddenly find that he had friends who were friends of the one and only good suspect to come along in the case in five years.

And so the elusive rapist would turn police against police, police against community, and even the community against itself, as fear of Stinky, a black man, assumed a touch of racism.

Stinky now has 62 known victims, but the Berkeley police, and crime experts around the country, think the figure represents a third, at best, of his total number of attacks. Generally, less than 25 percent of all crimes are reported; the figure for rapes is even smaller. The actual number of Stinky victims is assumed to fall somewhere between 120 and 180 women, depending on which expert is talking. But even at 62, they maintain that Stinky has committed one of the longest series of rapes in law enforcement history. His record, they say, is quite extraordinary. Even so, whether in a Berkeley cottage or on a New York City street, rape is one of those random acts that has increased everywhere in the last few years. Nationally, there were 56,730 reported rapes in 1976, a 9.3 percent increase from 1973; and experts estimate a 10 percent increase in 1977 alone. While women are now more inclined to report such attacks than they once were, no experts think this alone accounts for the increase.

Although in some quarters rape is still regarded as just a woman's problem, most people have recognized it as a symptom of deep societal ills—massive alienation, aggression and the need for dominance. Rape, experts say, is couched from beginning to end in the kind of abuse and degradation that seems increasingly prevalent today.

What is so fascinating about Stinky—aside from his uncanny ability to elude the police—is that he personifies this malaise. Even in his anonymity he is a perfect case in point.

If the underlying purpose of murder is destruction, then for rape it is power, control. Most rapists interviewed afterwards in jail can barely remember the women or the sex act at all. They remember instead the planning and coercion, and the fact that, for a brief period of time, they were ecstatically in charge.

Stinky, then, is more than a symbol—he is a mystery that has slipped in and out of Berkeley's streets and bushes for five years. He has been identified by local politicians as the city's number one problem. He has made countless women and families alter their lifestyles, put bars on their windows; 58 of his known victims have moved, most have even left Berkeley.

He has humiliated the Police Department, been the focus of countless neighborhood and City Council meetings, and even provided a rationale for the use of dog patrols and helicopter surveillance, police methods politically leftist Berkeley had always eschewed.

The Stinky case certainly did not start out this way. It took three years for the City Council to get involved and four years, four months and 55 victims before the police started a high-priority investigation.

Those officers who had been assigned to the case through the years are now themselves part of the widespread po-

Names followed by an asterisk are fictitious.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDY SOLMON

lice embarrassment that surrounds the matter like a veil of fog. Once they could routinely talk to the press. Now a gag order imposed by the chief covers the entire 235-man force, and officers watch each other surreptitiously and report infractions to their boss.

There are many who do talk privately, however, as well as others outside the department who know what is going on. They claim, almost to a person, that the case was "mishandled" all along. This was never done out of negligence or malice, they are quick to say. The police just never made a definite, long-range commitment to solving the case. There was little continuity of personnel. Different people casually took on the case from time to time; and the crime reports, stacks of 8″x11″ sheets of paper, were routinely folded in the middle and filed away in a drawer.

Some members of the community have a far angrier interpretation. The police never focused on the case, they say, until 1976, when Stinky began to attack about half as many white women as black women. It's one law for whites and another for blacks, the Reverend James Stewart, pastor of the McGee Avenue Baptist Church and a leader of the black community, has said many times on this issue.

The police deny this accusation, but Lt. Donald Smithson, head of the Inspectors Bureau and one of only three officers still allowed to talk to reporters about the Stinky case, said the department "had to wait until the political climate" was right to give the case priority attention. That was last October.

Since then thousands of possible suspects have been eliminated, but Stinky has still not been caught.

Sarah Hughes, a nurse, lived alone with a cat in a cottage near a grove of eucalyptus trees and a creek. She is a quiet person. She doesn't drink or go out much and, to her, the privacy of her house—sitting at the bottom of a dead-end street and looking out on the woods—was one of the things that had always made her life so pleasant. For about two weeks Sarah had heard noises in the bushes outside, but when she went to the door to look, she peered out into the darkness and saw nothing.

On this particular Friday night Sarah went to bed early. While she was sleeping Stinky pried open the aluminum sheets along the windows in the living room and climbed in.

Sarah suddenly awoke. "I don't know what happened," she said. "I just knew for some reason I should get up." She sat up and listened and then, nearsighted without her glasses, she crept down the hallway into the dark living room.

"All I can remember is seeing his eyes," she said. "His teeth, and his eyes staring at me in the dark. He caught me

Stinky's Turf: Pins mark rape sites

by the neck and lunged at me, threw me against the wall so fast I couldn't get out a scream, just a muffled sound."

He blindfolded her and pushed her back into the bedroom where he sprawled on top of her. "His clothing smelled like oil to me," she said, "but his skin smelled differently, a rancid, musty odor, not like perspiration but like something was in his skin."

He started to rape her.

"I said to myself, 'I won't resist and maybe he'll do what he has to do and then leave.' After he didn't kill me in the living room, I figured I had a better chance he wouldn't harm me.

"When it seemed like hours and hours had passed, I told him I couldn't stand it. Could he leave? He said he'd leave when he was good and ready."

He stayed for three hours, and when he was about to leave, he tied her wrists behind her back and put her face down on the bed. Then he picked up the lamp beside the bed and balanced it on her naked back. He turned the bulb on.

"The fear of Stinky has infiltrated our lives like the fear of the bomb did fifteen years ago"

He told Sarah not to move.

"He said when I heard the front door shut I could get up," Sarah said. "I heard him open the door, but I didn't hear it shut."

Sarah Hughes stayed in that position with the lamp balanced on her back for close to an hour. She was afraid Stinky was waiting and watching, ready to kill her if she moved.

Between June and October 1973, Stinky committed five known rapes. After that there were no reported cases for nine months. In July 1974, he struck again, and during the rest of the year he attacked four more times. That fall police put three extra men on night patrol for several weeks; nothing happened and they were recalled.

The next year, 1975, Stinky attacked 14 times, once in March, twice a month in May, June and August, once in July, three times in September and then three times in October.

During this time, Stinky's victims lived in an area 8 blocks wide and 12 blocks long in South Berkeley. Here, roughly crisscrossed by Ashby and Sacramento avenues, is the heart of the city's poorest and largely black neighborhood, with neat, small houses, bright gardens and Baptist churches.

On October 22, the police started a program of what they called "extensive" nighttime surveillance. It lasted two months. A number of plainclothes cops roamed the streets of South Berkeley all night long, waiting for Stinky. But nothing happened.

"We spent literally thousands of manhours on that surveillance," Lt. Smithson said recently. "It was very discouraging. You put that amount of men out on the street and then nothing happens, it's very frustrating. How long can you maintain that kind of surveillance," he asked, "when you're getting nothing, when you have nothing to go on? No physical evidence. No description. All we know is Stinky is a male Negro, about 30, medium build, short hair. That description fits half the black population of Berkeley."

Stinky did not strike again until January 17, 1976, this time north of University Avenue, in an entirely different part of town. This would be his new base of operations, an integrated middle-class neighborhood, and for the first time many of his victims would be white.

Hilary's* two children were still little then, and when she came home from work that day she "noticed the kitchen window looked funny." But she didn't check it. The next day, too late, she discovered that someone had moved the empty wine bottles on the sill. He had pried open the locked window, put the bottles on the ground outside, and then leaned the window back into place so it would look normal.

During the night Hilary abruptly woke up. "I turned over on my back and all of a sudden this guy was on top of me," she said. "He grabbed my neck and held a knife to me. There were no lights on and it was dark, so I couldn't see him at all."

He blindfolded her with the pillowcase, hit her on the head with his closed fist, and went into the living room to cut the telephone wires and find her purse.

Then he came back and the attack began. He kept threatening to kill her.

"I realized I'd better relax and think about what was going to happen," she said. "It was a sheer miracle the kids weren't in bed with me. I was trying to think how I could calm him down. I tried to talk to him. I said, 'What are you doing? Do you live in this area or what?' He seemed so angry I thought maybe if I could bring him to a level of conversation it would calm him down.

Stinky has committed one of the longest series of rapes in law enforcement history

"I'm 26, a grown woman and hardly a virgin. I figured there was nothing I could do, that if I could talk to him and try to find out where his head was at, maybe he would just get out of there. I mean, when you're naked to your toes with something tied around your eyes, it really ticks you off. But I was scared to death. I kept imagining my kids waking up and seeing me like that and then having to deal with that all their lives.

"He was there between about midnight and six a.m.," she said. "The sex acts were repeated over and over again, and I kept thinking, 'Jesus, the sun has to come up sometime.' It was the longest night I've ever spent."

From the beginning, police say, it was not just the smell of this man—which, in fact, was present in only about 60 percent of the cases—but his method that was totally distinctive. He always chose ground-floor apartments and single women or single mothers. He never arrived when a woman was reading in bed or accompanied by a visitor. The first a woman knew about it was when he leaped on the bed, blindfolded her and said he wanted to rob her—usually a ruse, police theorize, to calm her down. He always wore gloves, socks or mittens, never stole anything but money, almost never took off his shoes. And to this date, no one has seen him but several infants, one nine-year-old girl who saw too little to be able to identify him, and Sarah, the nurse, who Stinky seemed to know was nearsighted without her glasses.

This, in fact, is one of the most perplexing aspects of the case: Stinky almost always possesses some personal knowledge about his victims—although they have never known him. In hindsight, police have determined he hides in the bushes outside their houses, perhaps on and off for days, and does extensive surveillance. He told one woman her sister had been visiting her from Philadelphia and had left the night before, but was coming back Wednesday. He was right. He has known women's names, their habits and even their jobs.

"We think he's keeping anywhere from 10 to 30 women under surveillance at a time," said Inspector Brian Oliver, who was allowed to be interviewed once—but only while Lt. Smithson was present, listening and screening what he said.

"If a man moves in with her or a dog shows up, he eliminates her from the list," Oliver continued. "He knows what he's doing. He's never made a mistake." His victims noted that he seemed very smart—not necessarily educated, but street-wise.

Stinky's sexual pattern is basically the same in every case. He always has trouble maintaining an erection and often does not ejaculate. Sometimes he has referred cryptically either to the woman's body or to the rape as "the machine" and has said, for example, "I want to get into the machine."

Experts have theorized that Stinky isn't excited by sex during the attacks. "He's thinking about everything else," said Dr. Ruth Palmer of San Jose, California. "About not leaving fingerprints, about scaring the women, how he's going to leave. He's probably exhilarated with the planning and the execution, and he isn't into the sex at all because, quite specifically, he has a lot more important things on his mind."

Stinky's only satisfaction seems to come, the women say, from humiliating them, controlling them and getting them to do weird and horrible things, including submit to brutal anal sex. He frequently orders his victims—who are always blindfolded—to dance around the room naked, stand in front of mirrors in lewd positions, crawl on the floor or model their clothes. After the rape, he makes them accompany him while he watches television or eats from the ice box. At this time he often forces them to kneel naked on the floor with their head under the table.

His manner is never meek or weak. Some rapists yearn to break down and be mothered, others seem lost and vague; Stinky is neither. He is triumphant, hostile, aggressive and cold. His words are commands, and the women often say they felt they were being punished, that he actually hated them.

According to the standard explanation, rape is a woman-hating act, a response to a domineering mother who was hated and feared. The rapist feels smothered by life, overwhelmed by a pervasive sense of oppression associated with his mother. This feeling of having been betrayed is deep-rooted and expressed in anger and aggression toward his victims. Stinky, however, seems much more complex and certainly more controlled than the stereotypical rapist, according to experts. On the basis of extensive research with sex offenders, Dr. Palmer theorized that for Stinky, rape is "a giant mind fuck—a highly intense obliteration of the victim's self."

His coldness, the psychiatrist added, is probably his most effective weapon. "A cold person like him can do anything," she explained. "Coldness is very controlling and this, along with everything else, makes the woman flustered, nervous and uncomfortable, as if she's losing herself. And she is.

"It's just like being in an argument with someone when he's winning and you don't know why. He's doing a whole number on you and nothing you can do can affect him. To the rapist," she said, "this means he's on top, being effective, and he feels ecstatic . . . The flip-flop of it is a feeling of total nothingness. But during the rape, he's Napoleonic. He's high and the more he can lay on the woman, in terms of being cold and mean, the higher he gets. For him that's the biggest thrill of all."

It was about 10:30 Sunday night, the last week in August, 1975. Vivian Michaels wrapped her one-year-old baby in a blanket and went across the street to see a friend. Twenty-eight years old, she had graduated from Berkeley, then spent three years in New York working in an advertising agency. Now she was employed at an industrial relations firm.

As she crossed the street, she said, she had the feeling that "somebody was looking at me."

She stayed with her friend awhile, then came home and went to sleep. She and her husband had been separated for several weeks. Little Mary* was beside her in the king-size bed.

While she was asleep Stinky pried open the locked bathroom window, removed five cactus plants on the sill and climbed in.

"The first thing I knew he was on top of me, straddling me," Vivian said. "His knees were on either side of my hips. The first thing I thought was somebody was playing an ugly trick on me. I called my husband's name.

"Then I heard him cock a gun and I knew it was no joke. 'Don't move or I'll blow your head off,' he said."

He blindfolded her and she started crying. "I wasn't thinking of rape," she said. "I was thinking of murder and what he'd do to my daughter."

He slapped her. "Shut up," he said.

"He asked where my money was," Vivian said, "and I was relieved. He went to the living room and he kept saying he couldn't find my purse, but I heard him in my purse and I knew then he wanted more than money. It was coming to me that he was going to rape me.

Continued on page 58

CLASSIX COMIX

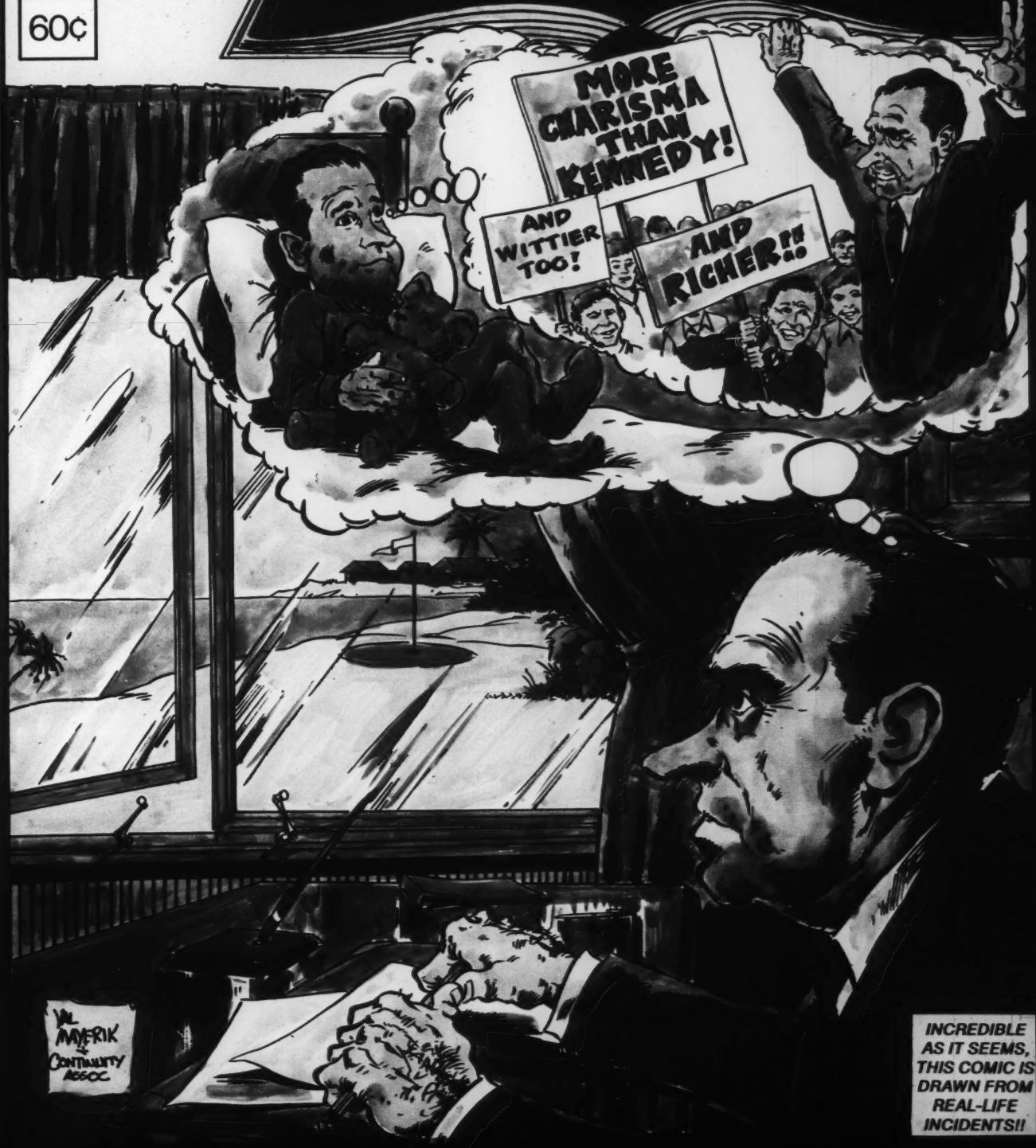
MEMOIRS

Adapted from the expensive new book by

Richard Nixon

Text by Peter Kaplan, Scott Kaufer and Paul Slansky

60¢



INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, THIS COMIC IS DRAWN FROM REAL-LIFE INCIDENTS!!

I WAS BORN IN THE HOUSE MY FATHER BUILT.

WAAAAA!

HANNAH, DO NEWBORN BABIES USUALLY NEED A SHAVE?

MY PARENTS DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, SO I COULDN'T HAVE A PONY. NOW I KNOW THE PSYCHIATRISTS SAY, NO PONY, NO DOGS, SEXUAL PROBLEMS, MUMBO JUMBO AND WHAT HAVE YOU. WELL, I HATE TO DISAPPOINT THEM, BUT NO, I HAD A HAPPY AND SECURE CHILDHOOD.

AT NIGHT I'D LIE IN BED LISTENING TO THE TRAIN WHISTLE, DREAMING OF FARAWAY PLACES. EVEN THEN I HAD WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS CALL "WANDERLUST."

MY FANTASY... AND YET THERE'S SOMETHING SO *UNSATISFYING* ABOUT IT. ADVISE ME, TEDDY BEAR.

DICK'S FANTASY-- *THE HONEST LAWYER.*

THERE'S DICK NIXON.

SCREW 'EM ALL, DICK.

HE'S THE LAWYER *NOBODY* CAN BUY.

EVERY DAY I WALKED SEVERAL MILES TO SCHOOL. OF COURSE, THERE WERE THOSE WHO COULD AFFORD LESS MODEST MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION, AND I CERTAINLY DIDN'T RESENT THEM FOR IT. AS THE LATE, GREAT VINCE LOMBARDI SAID—OF COURSE, HE WASN'T DEAD WHEN HE SAID IT—"WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GET GOING."

MR. CHAIRMAN, DISTINGUISHED DELEGATES, MY FELLOW AMERICANS --AS A YOUNG BOY, I *WALKED* TO SCHOOL WHILE OTHERS *RODE*...

IN HIGH SCHOOL, WHILE THE OTHER KIDS WERE, Y'KNOW, GOING TO PARTIES AND "HANGING OUT," I HAD NO TIME FOR THAT SORT OF THING. MY CAMPAIGN FOR CLASS PRESIDENT CENTERED AROUND AN ISSUE I BELIEVED IN DEEPLY.

VOTE FOR ME IF YOU WANT DANCING.

WHY IS DICK CAMPAIGNING ON THE *DANCE ISSUE*, OLA? LAST TIME HE WENT ON A DANCE FLOOR, HE FELL OVER THE HORS D'OUEVRES TABLE AND SMASHED 1200 CANAPES.

HE'S SO, SO... WHAT'S THE WORD? ...HE KNOWS WHERE THE VOTES ARE... *TRICKY!* THAT'S IT... *TRICKY!*

AFTER GRADUATING WHITTIER COLLEGE (NATURALLY MY PARENTS COULDN'T SEND ME TO HARVARD), I ENTERED DUKE LAW SCHOOL—ON A SCHOLARSHIP, THOUGH I DON'T POINT THIS OUT TO BLOW MY OWN HORN. IT WAS THERE I DEVELOPED MY REVERENCE FOR THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF LAW AND ETHICS.

GEE, DICK, ARE YOU SURE BREAKING INTO THE DEAN'S OFFICE TO LOOK AT OUR GRADES IS A *GOOD IDEA?*

NOW, UNDERSTAND, IT'S NOT *MY* GRADES I'M CONCERNED ABOUT. THERE'S A PRINCIPLE HERE. I'M TRYING TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF *FUTURE STUDENTS.*

THEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH PAT . . . AND SHE, AFTER A WHILE, WITH ME. . .

ISN'T IT *STRANGE* THAT DICK WANTS TO DRIVE YOU HOME FROM ALL YOUR DATES WITH *OTHER BOYS?*

EVERYTHING ABOUT DICK IS STRANGE, ARNOLD, BUT I KINDA LIKE HIM. HE'S SO... I DON'T KNOW... *PERSISTENT,* AND I DON'T KNOW... *HONEST...*

WHERE TO, PAT AND ARNOLD?

HEH-HEH! I KNEW IF I DISGRACED MYSELF LONG ENOUGH SHE'D FALL FOR MY *ABJECT SELF-HUMILIATION.* FOLKS LIKE THAT...

NO SOONER WERE WE MARRIED THAN MY COUNTRY CALLED ME. SURE, I COULD HAVE DONE THE EASY THING AND NOT GONE—BUGGED OUT, AS IT WERE. SOME CHOSE THAT ROUTE, AND I DON'T CONDEMN THEM FOR THEIR COWARDICE. BUT OTHERS ARE CALLED TO GREATNESS NOT BECAUSE THEIR FATHERS ARE RICH—MINE DIDN'T HAVE A NICKEL, NOT LIKE JOE KENNEDY. BUT I WENT, AND ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T GO IN FOR A LOT OF YOUR STAGY HEROICS, SAVING PT BOATS AND WHAT HAVE YOU, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I DESERVED A SILVER STAR OR TWO.

HOW DOES DICK DO IT? THAT MAKES $10,000 HE'S WON TONIGHT.

I GUESS HE WAS JUST BORN LUCKY.

LET ME TELL YOU, FELLOWS, I'VE WON AND I'VE LOST-- AND *WINNING IS MORE FUN!*

AND THE GUY STILL CAN'T TELL THE STERN FROM THE BOW.

WHEN I RETURNED, MY FELLOW CITIZENS DEMANDED THAT I GO TO CONGRESS AND FERRET OUT THE COMMUNISTS FROM THE GOVERNMENT—A POSITION WHICH, I MIGHT REMIND SOME OF MY LIBERAL FRIENDS, BOBBY KENNEDY WOULD ADOPT WHEN HIS RICH FATHER GOT HIM A COMMITTEE JOB. BUT I EXPOSED THAT PUNK ALGER HISS, WITHOUT THE HELP OF JOE KENNEDY.

ALGER'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW WITH SOME OF HIS *RICH COMMIE FRIENDS...* PROBABLY *DANCERS...*

THEN I WAS NOMINATED FOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. IKE AND I HIT IT OFF PRETTY WELL—THE WAY MEN DO WHEN THEY'VE SHARED THE EXQUISITE AGONY OF COMBAT. I KNEW IT WOULD BE AN HONOR TO SERVE UNDER HIM.

HONESTLY, DICK, I'D BE HAPPY TO USE THE *TEE.*

THEN...A CRISIS! THE NEW YORK POST—AND I DON'T CRITICIZE THEM FOR IT—IT'S THEIR RIGHT, AND I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING IF I'D DISCOVERED THAT THEY HAD MADE OFF WITH $10,000—NOT THAT I HAD—PRINTED A BUNCH OF POPPYCOCK IN A SCHEME TO HOUND ME FROM THE TICKET. BUT I OUTSMARTED 'EM.

AND OUR LITTLE GIRL--TRICIA, THE SIX-YEAR-OLD-- NAMED IT *CHECKERS.* AND YOU KNOW THE KIDS LOVE THAT DOG AND I JUST WANT TO SAY THIS RIGHT NOW, THAT *REGARDLESS* OF WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT, WE'RE GOING TO KEEP IT.

THE BUCK STOPS HERE!

VERMIN!

THEN CAME THE GREATEST CHALLENGE OF MY LIFE—IKE'S HEART ATTACK. I SURE WAS GLAD THAT THE GENERAL PULLED THROUGH... GENUINELY GLAD.

DICK, THAT WAS A *TERRIFIC* LOBSTER WITH HEAVY SAUCE AND WHIPPED CREAM AND MELTED BUTTER DINNER. ...NOW I THINK IT'S TIME TO RETIRE... I FEEL KINDA *WEAK...*

A *SPLENDID* IDEA, MR. PRESIDENT. RACE YOU UPSTAIRS?

IKE QUICKLY RECOGNIZED MY CONCILIATORY QUALITIES AND MADE ME HIS GOOD-WILL AMBASSADOR TO TROUBLE SPOTS AROUND THE WORLD. WHY, I REMEMBER THE EXCITEMENT THAT MY TRIP TO CARACAS CAUSED. OF COURSE, THE LATINS, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, ARE A WARM BLOODED PEOPLE AND BIG ON EXPRESSING THEIR FEELINGS.

VIVA LA REVOLUTION!

SCREW THE REVOLUTION. I HATE HIS *PHONY* SENTIMENTALISM AND *NAUSEATING* SENSE OF HUMOR.

DON'T WORRY, DICK. THEY LOVE YOU LIKE THEY DO AT HOME.

GODDAMN IKE!

BUT I GOT MY REAL LESSON IN CRISIS DIPLOMACY WHEN I VISITED MOSCOW IN 1959 AND RISKED MY LIFE DEBATING MR. KHRUSHCHEV. NOW, I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, OF COURSE, BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO TELL ME THIS WAS THE MOST COURAGEOUS ACT DONE BY ANY PUBLIC SERVANT, EVER, IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

YOUR PEOPLE ARE UNHAPPY, NIKKI, BECAUSE THEY DON'T DRINK PEPSI. Y'KNOW, I BET I COULD ARRANGE FOR YOU TO ENDORSE PEPSI IN AMERICA. DON KENDALL'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE. HE'S GOT *SOME* COLOR TV. THAT'S ONE PROBLEM WITH YOUR SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT, MR. PREMIER. I THINK I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT YOUR LACK OF COLOR SETS MIGHT TEND TO SHOW WHAT A BACKWARD NATION YOU SOVIETS HAVE.

WHERE'S BILL SAFIRE WITH A CAMERA?

HOW CAN I GET AWAY FROM THIS GORILLA?

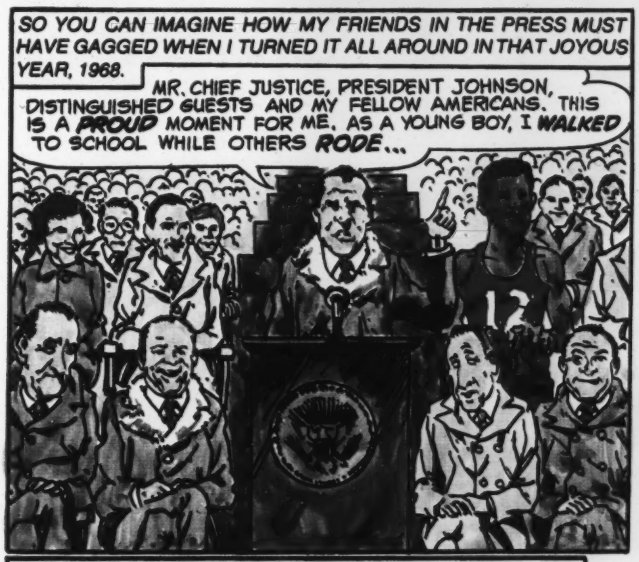
IKE INSISTED, OF COURSE, THAT I RUN FOR PRESIDENT IN 1960. THERE ARE THOSE WHO WATCHED MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN DEBATE WITH JACK KENNEDY—WE HAD A MUTUAL ADMIRATION, Y'KNOW—WHO THOUGHT I DIDN'T SHOW UP AS WELL AS I MIGHT HAVE. WELL, MY TV EXPERTS TOLD ME IT WAS BECAUSE HE HAD A NAVY BLUE SUIT ON, AND MINE WAS CHARCOAL GRAY. OF COURSE, MY TASTE IN CLOTHES WAS NOT WHAT I THOUGHT PEOPLE WERE VOTING FOR.

NOW, THE CONSEQUENCES OF LOSING QUEMOY AND MATSU, AS YOU KNOW, WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE...

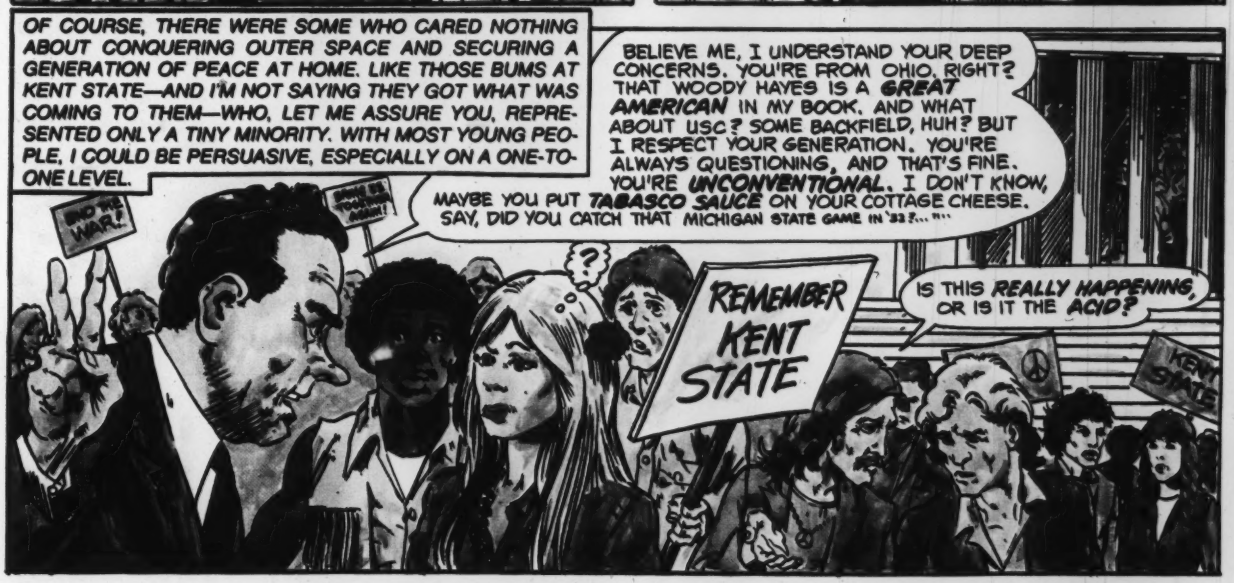
CREEP!

MOMMY! MOMMY! BAD MAN ON TV!

THEN I—MAY I SAY—SHOOK THE NATION WITH MY DECISION TO RETIRE FROM POLITICS—A DECISION WHICH, SOME OF MY FRIENDS HAVE TOLD ME, CHANGED THEIR FEELINGS ABOUT GOVERNMENT FOREVER.
MY FAITH IN DEMOCRACY IS RESTORED.
UNLIKE SOME PEOPLE I'VE NEVER CANCELLED A SUBSCRIPTION TO A NEWSPAPER... YOU WON'T HAVE NIXON TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE, BECAUSE, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS MY LAST PRESS CONFERENCE...
BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL
WOW!
HOLY SMOKES, HE'S BATS!
THE MAN'S BANANAS!
I'M SHOCKED!
I NEVER KNEW HE WAS A PSYCHOPATH!
JESUS!
COMPLETELY DELUSIONAL!
I'M SPEECHLESS!


SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW MY FRIENDS IN THE PRESS MUST HAVE GAGGED WHEN I TURNED IT ALL AROUND IN THAT JOYOUS YEAR, 1968.
MR. CHIEF JUSTICE, PRESIDENT JOHNSON, DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND MY FELLOW AMERICANS. THIS IS A PROUD MOMENT FOR ME. AS A YOUNG BOY, I WALKED TO SCHOOL WHILE OTHERS RODE...

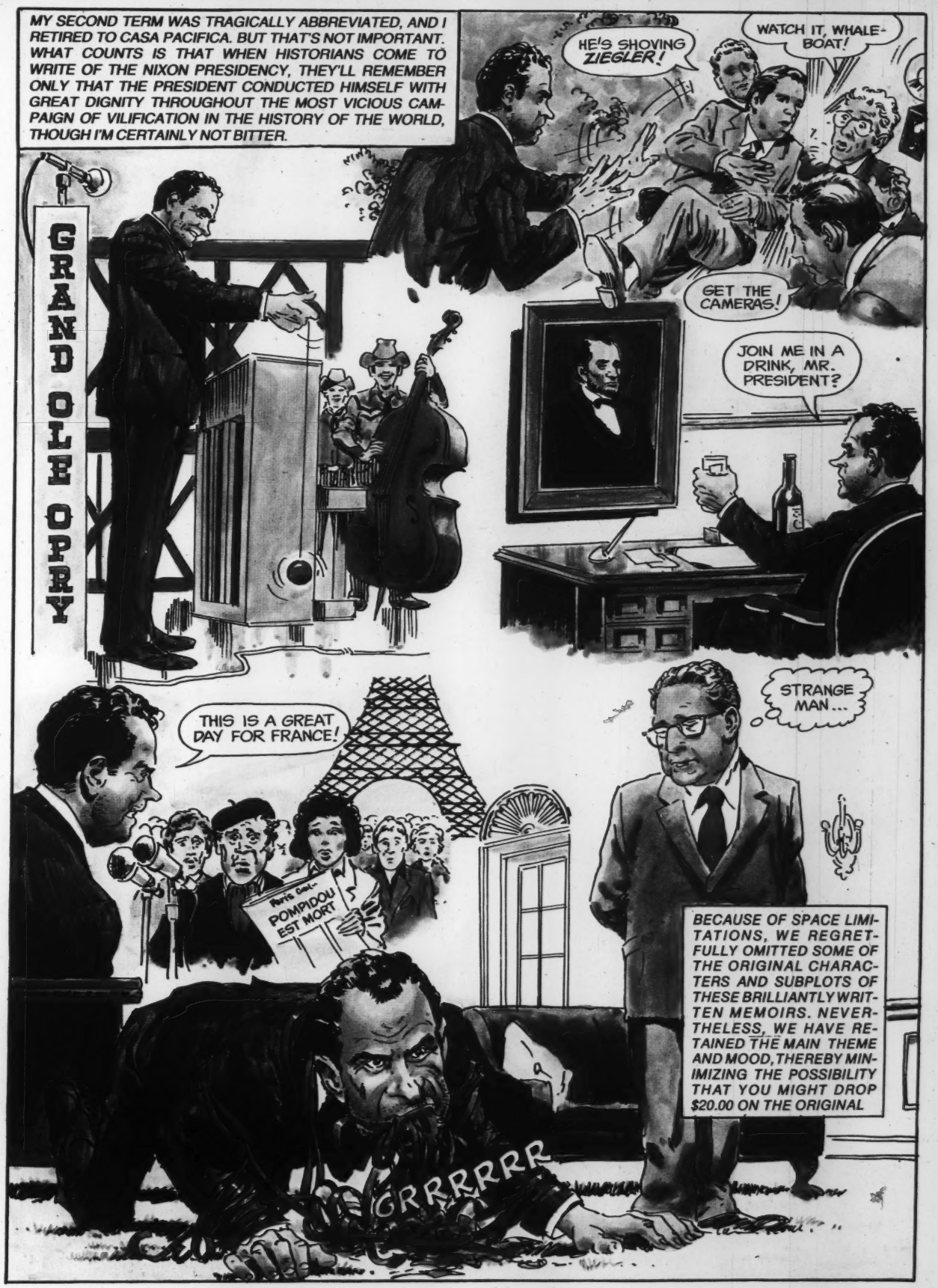
THEN, THAT GLORIOUS WEEK WHEN WE LANDED ON THE MOON. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, IT WAS THE GREATEST WEEK IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD SINCE THE CREATION.
MORE COTTAGE CHEESE AND KETCHUP, MANOLO. THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!
WASHINGTON POST
GIRL DIES IN KENNEDY CAR


OF COURSE, THERE WERE SOME WHO CARED NOTHING ABOUT CONQUERING OUTER SPACE AND SECURING A GENERATION OF PEACE AT HOME. LIKE THOSE BUMS AT KENT STATE—AND I'M NOT SAYING THEY GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO THEM—WHO, LET ME ASSURE YOU, REPRESENTED ONLY A TINY MINORITY. WITH MOST YOUNG PEOPLE, I COULD BE PERSUASIVE, ESPECIALLY ON A ONE-TO-ONE LEVEL.
BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND YOUR DEEP CONCERNS. YOU'RE FROM OHIO, RIGHT? THAT WOODY HAYES IS A GREAT AMERICAN IN MY BOOK. AND WHAT ABOUT USC? SOME BACKFIELD, HUH? BUT I RESPECT YOUR GENERATION. YOU'RE ALWAYS QUESTIONING, AND THAT'S FINE. YOU'RE UNCONVENTIONAL. I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE YOU PUT TABASCO SAUCE ON YOUR COTTAGE CHEESE. SAY, DID YOU CATCH THAT MICHIGAN STATE GAME IN '33?...
END THE WAR!
REMEMBER KENT STATE
IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING, OR IS IT THE ACID?

THEN, MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT ... CHINA! NOW YOU MIGHT WONDER WHY IT TOOK SO LONG FOR AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT TO VISIT THE WORLD'S MOST POPULOUS NATION. MY UNDERSTANDING OF THE SITUATION, AS A LAWYER, WAS THAT A FEW SELF-SERVING POLITICIANS HAD FOR YEARS USED THE CHINESE QUESTION AS A POLITICAL FOOTBALL. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THEY HAD A DIFFERENT SLANT ON THINGS BACK THEN, HEH-HEH.
Y'KNOW, JOE, THIS IS INDEED A GREAT WALL.
I LOVE CHINESE COOKING, BUT IT'S ESPECIALLY GOOD IN CHINA.
IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING, OR IS IT THE OPIUM?
*WHAT ABOUT THE HUGHES LOAN?

COINCIDENTALLY, ON MY RETURN FROM CHINA I FOUND MYSELF UP FOR RE-ELECTION.
AS THE CHINESE SAY, SOCK IT TO ME, BABY!
FOUR MORE YEARS! FOUR MORE YEARS!
THANKS. HEY, DID YA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE ONE-EYED BLACK JEW?

IT WAS CLEAR TO ME AFTER MY HISTORIC MANDATE THAT IT WAS TIME TO GET TOUGH WITH MY ENEMIES AT HOME AND ABROAD. AS DISRAELI SAID—AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT TRYING TO COMPARE MYSELF WITH DISRAELI, ALTHOUGH OTHERS HAVE POINTED OUT OUR SIMILARITIES—NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY. THEN MY COUNSEL, JOHN DEAN, BROUGHT ME SOME BAD NEWS.
WHADDYA MEAN I HAVE CANCER?


MY SECOND TERM WAS TRAGICALLY ABBREVIATED, AND I RETIRED TO CASA PACIFICA. BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT. WHAT COUNTS IS THAT WHEN HISTORIANS COME TO WRITE OF THE NIXON PRESIDENCY, THEY'LL REMEMBER ONLY THAT THE PRESIDENT CONDUCTED HIMSELF WITH GREAT DIGNITY THROUGHOUT THE MOST VICIOUS CAMPAIGN OF VILIFICATION IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, THOUGH I'M CERTAINLY NOT BITTER.
HE'S SHOVING ZIEGLER!
WATCH IT, WHALE-BOAT!
GET THE CAMERAS!
GRAND OLE OPRY
JOIN ME IN A DRINK, MR. PRESIDENT?
THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR FRANCE!
STRANGE MAN...
Paris Soir
POMPIDOU EST MORT
BECAUSE OF SPACE LIMITATIONS, WE REGRETFULLY OMITTED SOME OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTERS AND SUBPLOTS OF THESE BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN MEMOIRS. NEVERTHELESS, WE HAVE RETAINED THE MAIN THEME AND MOOD, THEREBY MINIMIZING THE POSSIBILITY THAT YOU MIGHT DROP $20.00 ON THE ORIGINAL
GRRRRRR

The Perrier Revolution

Let them drink water

by Arthur Lubow

The Fountain of Youth has proved elusive for thousands of years and will undoubtedly remain so for thousands more. But there are some cheerful souls who say you can come *close* if you drive 15 kilometers southwest of Nimes and find your way to the property of Gustave Leven. There, a mineral water that has often been ascribed therapeutic, if not magical, powers bubbles up under Plexiglas domes, each decorated with a thin tricolor band. The supply seems virtually limitless, and the water for sale. And the best part is, you don't have to travel to France to buy some—you can now pick it up at most supermarkets for 69 cents for a 23-ounce bottle.

We are talking, of course, about Perrier water. Chemically, it's not much different from the H_2O you read about in Science I. It is carbonated, just like any bottle of soda water, and contains calcium, but less than is found in a serving of your average breakfast cereal. Nevertheless, Perrier has become more than just another hot product. It has become an addiction, possibly an affliction (to the wallet), and almost certainly an emblem of the new, "natural" eating habits of Americans. The drink's bona fides are impeccable. Consider the following: Richard Burton now goes on *Perrier* binges; Miss Lillian orders it "all the time" at her favorite French restaurant in Plains; and Michael Korda, self-proclaimed power broker of New York City, (*Power: How to Get It, How to Use It*), writes in the *New York Times*, "The status drink is no longer the martini. It is the bottle of Perrier mineral water, with ice and a slice of lime (not lemon)."

Lime, not lemon! This is clearly serious business. In fact, Perrier's American distributor, Bruce Nevins, winces at the thought of ice—he believes the drink should be served chilled, and undiluted by frozen tap water. But Nevins hardly winces about much else that is happening to Perrier. Stateside sales for July 1977 matched those for the entirety of 1976, and in the last 18 months, sales volume has shot up 700 percent. The signs of a Perrier revolution are everywhere. Bloomingdale's in Manhattan, the seismograph that records every consumer trend first, reports a six on its Richter scale. "A year ago," says the store's assistant buyer, "we had two feet of space for waters. Now we have a whole fixture. It's getting to the point that Perrier is to water what Kleenex is to tissues." This foreign beverage, with its distinctive pale green bottles, has even slopped over into our favorite cultural institutions. This past Halloween, some children who were trick-or-treating in Mill Valley, California, came upon a dimly lit redwood estate, complete with three fireplaces, two hot tubs and one very spacey couple. Upon ringing the doorbell, the youngsters were greeted by the laid-back woman of the house. She looked at their colorful costumes and outstretched hands and gasped: "Is it really Halloween?" She stumbled inside and returned moments later to dump four large bottles of Perrier in their bags. Another thrilling chapter right out of Cyra McFadden's *Serial*.

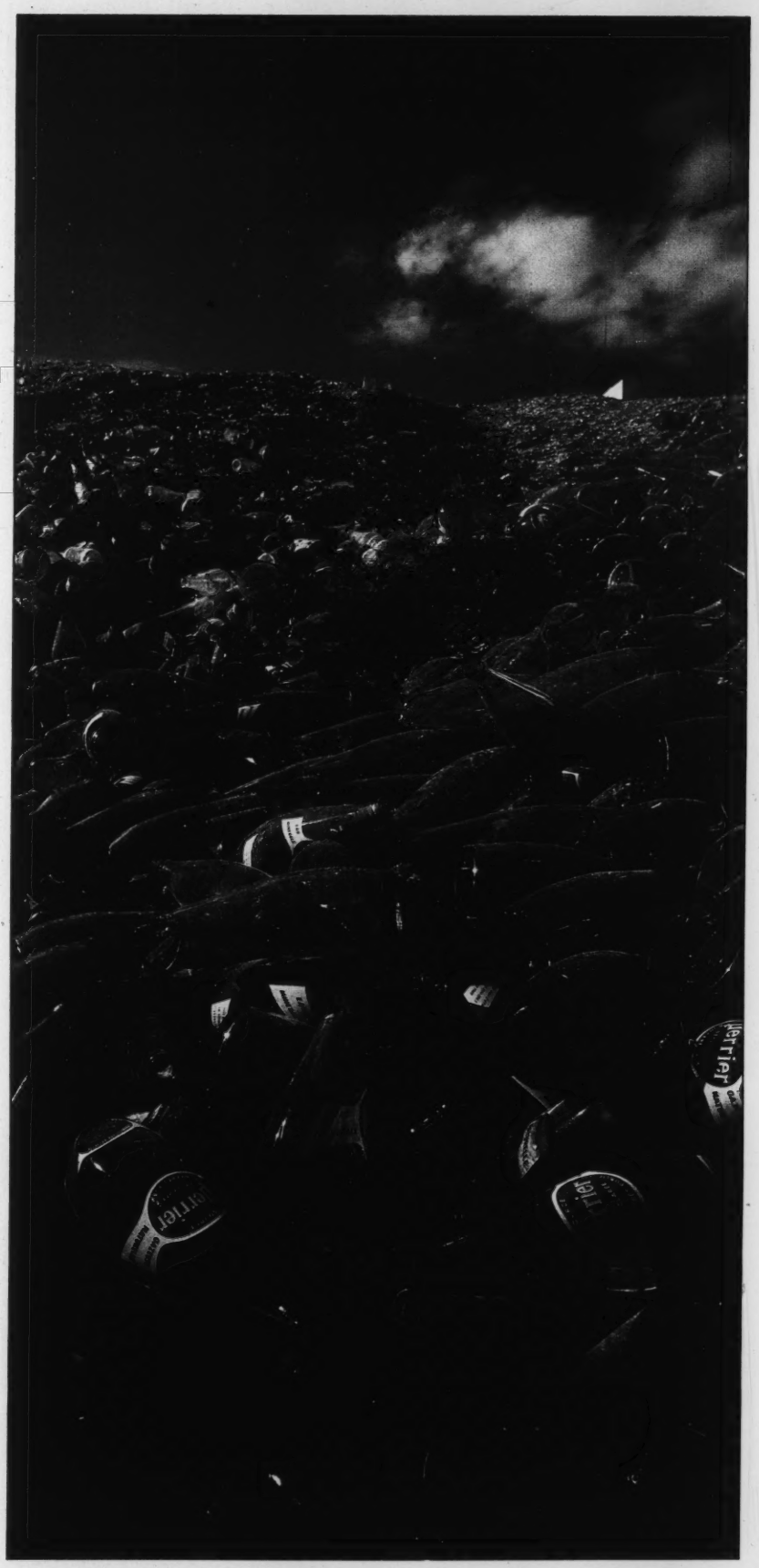
The success of Perrier's bid to become an alternative soft drink has been due in part to superb marketing, but even more to perfect timing. Its major marketing push in the United States has begun just as Americans are becoming, in *Newsweek*'s phrase, "nutritional hypochondriacs." No wonder Perrier fits the bill. For whatever the merits of its alleged therapeutic qualities, Perrier is a "natural."

Source Perrier is located in the heart of Van Gogh country, where the light is so bright and clear that shapes and colors take on a new edge. Vergeze lies on an alluvial plain, surrounded by vineyards. Beneath the gravel of the plain, in which water circulates freely, lies an impervious bed of blue-gray clay. Below the clay are layers of cracked limestone and below them, at bottom, ancient volcanic rock left by earthquake faults. Trapped in this subterranean, fault-ridden tectonic rock is a seemingly inexhaustible supply of natural 99.7 percent-pure carbon dioxide gas, the same gas injected artificially into colas and uncolas. Slipping through clefts in the rocks, the gas rises until it mingles with the abundant spring water that is trapped between the cracked limestone and clay. At the source itself, where the layer of clay is only a few yards thick, the carbonated water—Perrier water—bubbles to the surface.

It has been bubbling precisely this way since the beginning of recorded history—21,000 gallons of water an hour, slightly chilled to 59 degrees. And it has been appreciated as an elixir for just as long. Hannibal's troops reportedly enjoyed it when Hannibal rested in Vergeze in 218 B.C., and in the first century A.D. Roman legions constructed the first of many mineral baths at the source. Through the centuries, the spring changed hands countless times, and, in 1858, one M. Granier made the earliest attempt to bottle the water commercially. Napoleon III blessed the idea—"for the good of France." What was good for France, however, did not turn out so well for Granier—he went bust. Others tried and also failed. In 1903, a physician from nearby Nimes, named Perrier, finally convinced a trav-

Research assistance provided by Edward Kiersh.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH



eling Englishman, Sir St. John Harmsworth, to buy the source and develop it as a national treasure. Harmsworth, owner of the London *Daily Mail*, built a bottling plant, warehouse and rail siding, named his luxury beverage after the good doctor, and began to ship his product across Europe. By 1933, he was selling 19 million bottles a year, over half of them exported from France. At Harmsworth's death in 1933, Perrier had long since lived up to the slogan he had created—"the champagne of bottled waters."

But production was disrupted by World War II, and, when the smoke cleared, Harmsworth's heirs decided to sell the spring. Into the picture walked another wealthy young man, the scion of one of France's prominent Jewish families, searching for something to do.

Now 63 years old and white-haired, Gustave Leven, looking for all the world like the beverage king of France in his gray flannel suit, designer sunglasses and black penny loafers, tells the story with professional polish from his Paris office: "In 1946, I met somebody in the street who told me, 'you are in a banking company. Would you know somebody who wants to buy the Perrier spring?' I was in Avignon, and I stopped in Vergeze. There was so much disorder. But I knew what Perrier was. To take water out of the ground and put it into bottles must be good business. It is a gift of nature. I bought it for one hundred thousand francs." For the equivalent of $2,000 Leven had bought himself the goose that laid golden eggs.

Today, the only limits to Leven's business have to do with manufacturing and marketing. The water itself is inexhaustible. To turn out as much bottled Perrier water as possible, Leven today employs 1,500 people and many more human facsimiles. His bottling plant is a

RABBIT

DASHER

VOLKSWAGEN UNCORKS THE CHAMPAGNE EDITION II.

There's nothing like champagne to give you that warm, glowing feeling inside. Especially when it's a Champagne Edition II Volkswagen.

Take our two-door and four-door Dasher Sedans. Inside you'll find crushed velour and deep, cut pile carpeting. And both our sedans and wagon

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

BEETLE & BUS

SCIROCCO

come in stunning metallic paint.

For people who travel in fast circles there's our Scirocco sports car, decked out with a front spoiler, sport bucket seats and elegant black trim.

If you're looking for something to go with your mink, try a Rabbit. It's dressed in silver-green or rosé metallic paint, with velvety seats and plush carpeting everywhere you look.

There's even a Champagne Bus, and a dazzling metallic Beetle Convertible upholstered in white leatherette.

So if you've hesitated to buy one of our well-engineered Volkswagens, look again.

A taste of Champagne may help you overcome your inhibitions.

VOLKSWAGEN DOESN'T AGAIN

the limited Champagne Edition II

coherent, autarkic universe, highly automated and fully integrated. Everything that goes into a bottle of Perrier comes from companies he owns. The paper for the labels and cartons is manufactured by his plant from trees in his adjacent forest; virtually all the bottle caps are forged by his factory in Xaintrailles; and the sand for his glass is mined in his quarry at Le Mont Ventoux, 60 miles from Vergeze.

The glass factory itself, built in 1973, is a triumph of automation. It operates 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, with man-made robots doing almost all of the work of washing, inspecting and filling the bottles. Because it is too difficult to transport water in bulk under pressure, the gas and the water arrive separately at the factory, and are then mixed in a large vat to the exact proportion that nature invented. Spinning on a cylindrical drum, the bottles are filled, and before more than traces of the gas can evanesce, they are capped. Then on to the labeling plant and off to the crates.

"We can never make enough," Leven says with cheerful regret. "For 30 years—each time we plan, every year—it is always 30 percent less expansion than needed." In France, Leven sells 380 million bottles a year, which gives him 95 percent of the fizzy water market. It gives Perrier a two-to-one edge over Coke, a seven-to-one lead over Pepsi.

Still, you can't escape the demographics: There are only 52 million Frenchmen, and there are limits to thirst. "Now it's more a question of weather," Leven says. "If it's very hot in summer, sales go up." Not surprisingly, Leven started looking for a new market; in 1975 he found it: America.

For years, Gustave Leven had listened to the same advice: There was no market in America for Perrier. The country had no tradition of mineral waters; the dominance of the sugar-coated soft-drink industry left little room to maneuver; the cost would be unacceptably high for water. . . Unconvinced, Leven decided to conduct his own market research. In November 1975, while in the United States on other business, he dropped by a Miami supermarket to examine the possibilities. Though the shelves of one entire aisle were lined with row after row of all kinds of soft drinks, there wasn't a bottled water in the place. "If you wanted to drink something in America then," he recalls now, "you had to buy alcohol, beer or something with sugar. All that is bad for your health. But Perrier is a wonderful drink. I decided there *was* enough of a market. It was a feeling—everything is by intuition. When I went over, all the market surveys were bad." And, Leven adds, "Now they're all good!"

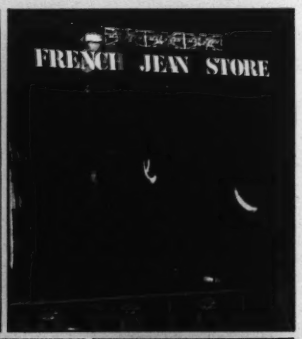
The reason is simple. In the last few years, Americans have been told that al-

FRANGLAIS

The French gave us Lafayette and fried potatoes, we gave them the revolution and Vichyssoise (the thick, creamy potato soup was invented at New York's old Ritz-Carlton Hotel); and so the cultural cross pollinating has gone ever since, culminating in the ultimate Franglais artifact: the Cuisinart.

L'Amour
Did the French invent love, or just perfume?

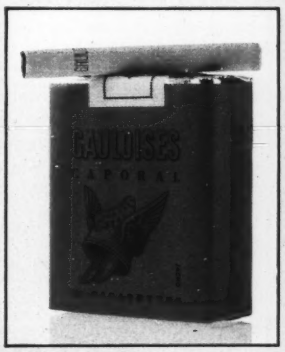
Soft Pedaling
Europe has always been the citadel of the cycle. Now, with the moped option being exercised in the U.S., Motobecane has introduced its Mobylette.



Chic
The very notion, let alone the word, is French, whether in haute cuisine or haute couture. Parisian designers have now taken American blue jeans, softened the fabric, tightened the lines, and come up with something that fits like a sausage and costs as much as $70. Mais oui!

PRODUCT PHOTOS BY ROBERTO BROSAN

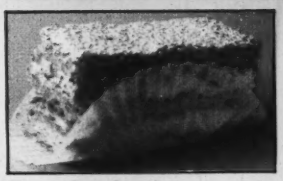
A votre santé
Before Perrier, there was Pernod, cognac, dry vermouth and, of course, French wines.



What a drag
French cigarettes have never sold very well in this country, but for those who want to be left truly *Breathless*, nothing can beat a Gauloise or a Gitane.

Treadmill
Tired of laying down the same old rubber? Michelin, along with other European manufacturers, pioneered the radial look in tires, long since coopted by Americans.

Foot Fetish
Now, straight from the Pyrenees Mountains to Nob Hill, the espadrille.



Pure Confection
To God knows how many Americans, Napoleon is spelled with a small n and resisted vigorously after dinner.

Name Game
The Renault 5 was going nowhere fast until it was renamed Le Car. Now it is a big seller in the U.S. Hoping to work the same magic, a French manufacturer has called its newest food processor La Machine.

most everything they are used to eating—and drinking—is bad for them in one way or another. And they are looking for alternatives. No one knows that better than Pete Mathieu, the head of Great Waters of France's advertising agency. "If Perrier had been brought in here five years ago," he says, "it would have been successful, but not as successful as it's becoming now. Perrier is a product that, probably unlike any other, is more suited to what is happening in this country than anything I know."

Which is, of course, the fact that America is going organic, back to basics, greening itself. An October 1976 Harris Poll found that Americans, regardless of age, education or income, rank good health highest on their list of priorities. Only 14 percent of those surveyed believed Americans eat the kinds of food needed to stay healthy, and roughly four in ten acknowledged their diets would be better balanced if they cut down on salt, sugar and soft drinks.

The concern over diet and nutrition has created a huge market for "health foods" of all kinds. Since the 1930s, when fanatics like Euell Gibbons first celebrated the benefits of natural and organic food, the industry's sales have grown steadily. But between 1968 and 1973, business boomed tenfold—from $60 million to nearly $600 million—and sales for 1977 totaled more than $1 billion. Estimates of the industry's annual growth rate for the next decade range from 8 to 50 percent. And, in the face of ever increasing warnings about the quality of drinking water (*New Times*, "Troubled Waters," May 13, 1977), bottled waters and home water filters are doing a land office business.

Meanwhile, the percentage of Americans who trust *no* tap water is rising fast. In 1967, sales of bottled waters totalled $65 million; in 1977, according to *Beverage Industry*, a trade biweekly, bottled waters sold at a $200 million clip. In Southern California, where nearly half of all bottled water in the United States is sold, one American in six is now buying health insurance in the form of purified water, and the sale of imported spring water for the entire country has increased fourfold over the last five years.

These were the trends that Leven had anticipated in 1975. He became convinced that Perrier was a product whose time had come in the U.S. There was, in business jargon, a good "fit." Perrier seemed neatly suited to capitalize on the changing attitudes and taste buds of Americans: a super drink for the supermarket. It contained no calories, no additives, no artificial flavorings or sweeteners, no chemicals or preservatives.

All Leven needed was a marketing genius and a good slogan. He found the first in Bruce Nevins, a graduate of West Point and the Stanford Business School, who had had great success in selling an American product—Levi jeans—to the rest of the world and a product of his own creation—Pony running shoes—to his own countrymen. Leven found the second, the right ad copy, with a marketing focus group brought together by Nevins. The members of the group were all drawn to one sentence, which appeared in all six of the dummy ads for Perrier: "The only drink that rises clean, clear and naturally sparkling from the icy mineral springs at Source Perrier, France." Most of them insisted that the line could not be true. "You're lying," said one. "God does *not* put bubbles in water."

Nevins and company, of course, knew that God did; they also knew that they had struck a nerve—they had a drink that was *unbelievably* natural.

To the new slogan—"Naturally sparkling from the center of the earth"—Great Waters of France added another line, perhaps even more important—"To your health." Perrier would seem to be healthy by definition—it does not contain anything that is *not* healthy. But is it healthy in the sense that it *promotes* health? That is a matter of some dispute. In France, where the advertising industry is not as closely regulated as it is in the United States, Perrier is openly promoted as a health drink, with the line "a mineral water endowed with special properties." Dr. Guy Godlewski, formerly head of the Paris Medical School Clinic and now head of Perrier's medical counsel there, argues that Perrier's natural carbonation is "taken into and spread throughout the body . . . more rapidly than gas in artificially carbonated drinks." Indeed, Perrier representatives cite a test in which scientists force-fed rabbits club soda and Perrier water until their tissues overloaded and they died. The scientists claimed the rabbits survived seven times as much Perrier as club soda, though none could suggest a reason why.

Godlewski maintains that Perrier stimulates the respiratory system, helps athletes regain their eupneic equilibrium much faster and mitigates air sickness, post-operative nausea and nausea due to pregnancy.

In the United States, the Food and Drug Administration discourages Great Waters of France from making such health claims. Under new guidelines being drawn up by the Federal Trade Commission, the FTC would have injunctive powers to require independent substantiation for any health-benefit claims. Such studies may or may not ever materialize. Some research has been conducted in the United States, but it has failed to show that Perrier is much different from tap water.

While one Manhattan physician says that people with kidney and heart conditions might benefit from drinking Perrier because of its low sodium content, Dr. D. L. Costill, who, as the director of the Human Performance Laboratories at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, has been studying the effects of fluids on athletes, particularly runners, since 1968, finds that plain ordinary tap water "does the same job" as a beverage with Perrier's ingredients. Dr. Edward Colt, a physician at New York City's St. Luke's Hospital who is planning to study the effects of Perrier on the body, says: "Putting it plainly, we just don't yet know what effect Perrier has on digestion." Another doctor, involved in a separate study on marathon runners which is being partly sponsored by Perrier, commented, "It's healthier than other beverages by virtue of the fact that it has nothing artificial in it, but it has no *medicinal* virtues. Perrier wants its name associated with marathoners, to be linked with health. But very simply, it's the most benign of drinks."

Nevertheless, many Perrier fanatics swear by its healthy properties. Increasing numbers of women are using it as a facial freshener and, by pouring it into an atomizer and spraying it on, as a make-up setter. Richard Rogers, a clerk in a Greenwich Village health food shop, tells a delightful if apocryphal tale of the mad Perrier addict: "She stormed in here and nearly hit me because we were out of the damn stuff. She said Perrier helps her varicose veins, and it was our fault they were acting up. I guess those bubbles just went to her head."

And then there is the 89-year-old senior citizen who lives in Washington, D.C. Reports his grandson: "He says Perrier's responsible for his vitality and good health. He drinks it every morning and night. Have you seen that yogurt commercial? Well, my grandfather thinks he'll live to be 120 because of Perrier."

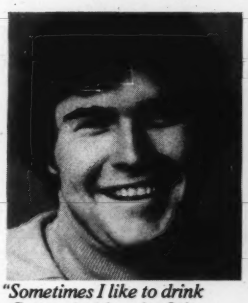
However long the 89-year-old Perrier freak will live, and however substantive Perrier's image as a health drink, one thing seems clear—Perrier is here to stay. Bruce Nevins believes that within six years Great Waters of France will have captured 1 percent of the U.S. soft drink market, a very small figure until you realize that you are talking about $120 million, a very large sum for selling *water*.

The great soft drink companies, of course, are taking Perrier in their stride, just as Ford and General Motors yawned when the first Volkswagen beetles rolled onto American hardtop. ("Small cars? Imported cars? Are you crazy! Americans like *big, American* cars.") Says Joseph Block, Pepsi's vice-president for public relations: "Perrier may be refreshing, but it's flat, not flavored the American way. We're not scared—they're like a flea on an elephant's back."

Did he say elephant, or dinosaur? ●

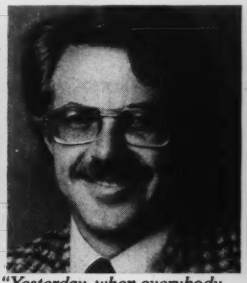
9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



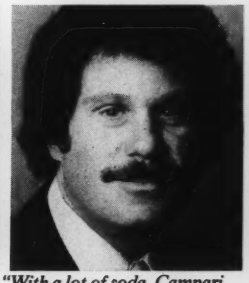
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.

"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.

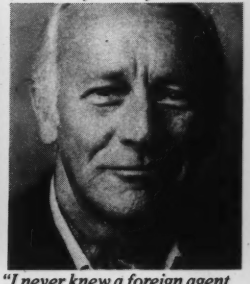


"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.

"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.

Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

...And the Skies Will Be Cloudy All Day

Having granted the Cheyenne Indians Class I air forever, the government is about to renege. The decision is more than another case of Indian giving; it may mark the end of pure air for everyone

by Michael Parfit

Joe Bear's ranch sits beside the Tongue River. It is 7 a.m. and he has just finished feeding his cattle. The herd, about 180 mixed Herefords, Angus and Charolais, is strung out in a multicolored band on a plowed field, eating $80 hay that Bear had to import this hard winter. In the early morning the sky is immense and pale, streaked with cirrus and rimmed with light. The sun has struck the hills but not the river valley. The red cliffs, stippled with trees, stand out in deep relief against their shadows; the Cook Creek and the Pawnee Mountains face the day. There is no haze.

Bear is a solid man, worn but not worn out by nine children, the improvement of a marginal ranch and the needs of his tribe. He works full time for the Northern Cheyenne tribe as vice-chairman in addition to doing his ranch chores. Today, Saturday, he is off. Bear planned to spend the morning catching up at home; instead, he takes a tour of his side of the reservation to try to show me why the Northern Cheyennes value clean air above financial gain.

We drive south on the gravel road beside the Tongue. In the river bottomlands, the forests of cottonwoods, black trunks in a gray cloud of branches, are interspersed with fields recently cleared by Cheyenne farmers. To the west, foothills roll up to the low mountains in slopes just beginning to be shaded green. Everywhere on the hills are outcrops of the burned red stone that tell of the presence of coal seams below the ground—the seams that have made this part of Montana a focus of energy development for the whole northwestern section of the nation.

Bear is thoughtful, undemonstrative. He wears Levi's, a denim vest and a red, white and blue cap that advertises Caterpillar tractors. Like most Cheyennes, Bear speaks English as a second language—the tribe has kept its culture more than most. His talk is guttural but also smooth, reminiscent of the land itself; low, rolling and edged with rock.

"We're very poor," he says. "We've been accused of getting government handouts. Maybe I go to the wrong post office." So I ask him: What's so important about clean air? In white society it is only the affluent who even notice environmental degradation—concern about pollution is a refinement of white life, hardly a foundation.

Bear smiles. Missing teeth, common among the older Cheyennes, do not erode the dignity of his face. "We're kind of a renegade tribe," he says. "You have to look at our history. We paid dearly for this land. The long walk back."

And everywhere you go on this reservation and ask that question, in the dust of Lame Deer or the high meadow of Birney, you get the same reply: our history. Our heritage. The long walk back.

It is not lost on today's Northern Cheyennes that the saga of their tribe began almost exactly 100 years ago. They find resonance in today's defiance. It was on September 9, 1878, that 297 Cheyennes, the last of the Northern tribe, walked out of the Oklahoma reservation in defiance of the soldiers and went in search of their lost homeland. After the Custer fight they had been corraled in Oklahoma, but the air and the malaria and the heat literally began to kill them, so they just left, headed for what one leader called "the land of pines and clear, cold rivers." They eluded 12,000 troops, crossed two major railroad corridors, and nearly got through Nebraska before half of the group was captured and locked up at Fort Robinson. Their stubbornness to return north was put to the ultimate test: When they refused to go back to Oklahoma they were locked up without food and water. After five days they broke out and all but a few were shot.

The survivors continued north, eventually joining the rest of the emaciated tribe at Pine Ridge, North Dakota. And after the scandal of the Fort Robinson massacre became known, the Northern Cheyennes were given the current reservation in Montana, 447,000 acres of rolling hills, forests and prairie.

"Land, air, water, trees," says Tom Gardner, a tribal liaison officer. "That is what the people came back from Oklahoma for. These are the things that our old people pass on to us. The Cheyennes are going to protect what they have left."

When Alan Merson, a regional administrator for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), came to Lame Deer, Montana, the Northern Cheyennes were waiting. They let him into the paneled board room of the tribal council, they let him sit in the middle, and they listened to him speak. But before the afternoon was very old he was hunched under the patient eyes, swiveling in his chair to meet the questions and the gaze of Ted Risingsun on the left, Allen Rowland in the chair-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL PARFIT

man's seat, Joe Bear on the right and Eric Metcalf behind him. Finally Rowland put his glasses down on the desk, Metcalf covered his eyes, and Merson raised his hands in helplessness. He was a prisoner under the lamp here in the Cheyennes' capital city, a bull elk caught in barbed wire, attended by a pack of implacable wolves who were content to let him tear his flesh on the sharpness of his own mistakes.

The quietness enraged him and he slammed his hand on the table:

"If you don't believe me," he said, "then there's no sense in my being here." Crash.

But the steady eyes didn't blink, and a low, rolling voice, blunt as the land and just as hard, spoke in the vacuum. "If I were you I'd walk softly. You're in Indian country."

The Northern Cheyennes call the white man Spider. The spinner of webs of intricate deceit. From a tribe to whom the most valued human qualities are wisdom, kindness, generosity, courage and even temper, it is not a compliment. Nor is the choice of word an artifact of a day when land and buffalo were given and then taken away. When Merson came to Lame Deer, he too spun a web, with threads of anger and justification. Its filaments only partly concealed his apparent intent: to make a decision that could rob the Northern Cheyennes of riches they thought they had won, and also could significantly deteriorate—the phrase is in the law—the quality of life for us all.

What Merson may do is approve the construction of two huge coal-fired power plants just upwind of the Northern Cheyenne reservation—a reservation that the tribe of 4,000 has spent the last two years fighting to make an official reserve of the cleanest air in the nation. If he does so, he will steal both the fresh breath from the Cheyennes and the heart from the federal air pollution control laws.

This nation's internal struggle to salvage at least some of its clean air has come by a strange and devious journey to this little Indian reservation west of the Tongue River and south of the Yellowstone, this country of pink cliffs, Ponderosa Pine trees and coal.

Clean air first became an important part of the legal structure of this country in 1970 when Congress passed the Clean Air Act, an amplification of earlier attempts to control air pollution. The act's stated purpose, among other things, was "to protect and enhance the quality of the nation's air resources so as to promote the public health and welfare and the productive capacity of its population." At that time the infant Environmental Protection Agency interpreted the act to mean that general limits—national ambient air standards—were placed on all air, no matter how clean or dirty it already was. You could pollute to those limits and then you were shut down. In 1972 the Sierra Club sued the EPA, arguing that the legislative history and the wording of the act required not only the upgrading of clogged air but also the preservation of unsullied air. The district court decision upholding this concept reached the Supreme Court, where it was again upheld in a four-to-four vote. The EPA was mandated, in the court's words, to "prevent significant deterioration of air quality" in clean air areas.

Joe Bear: More broken promises

From that decision came rules for the prevention of significant deterioration, known as PSD. These rules, which went into effect in June 1975, included a tiered definition of the word significant, allowing three different levels of deterioration, by area. Class III areas were places where "deterioration up to the national standards would be considered insignificant"; Class II zones were areas

His steady eyes didn't blink: "If I were you I'd walk softly. You're in Indian country"

"in which deterioration normally accompanying moderate, well-controlled growth would be considered insignificant"; and in Class I areas, "practically any change of air quality would be considered significant." The 1975 PSD rules labeled the whole nation Class II and said that states, Indian tribes and federal land managers could request redesignation of specific regions into other classes.

Since the creation of the PSD rules the designation Class I has become a symbol of purity. A Class I area, conservationists believe, would be a reservoir of the best air in the United States, a place of vistas unimpeded by soot or artificial haze, a place where you would want to breathe deeply and long before returning to the urban murk of Class III. In 1977, when Congress passed amendments to the Clean Air Act which, among other things, made all large national parks and wildernesses Class I areas, the protection of the air seemed assured. Class I was the ultimate, the jewel of clarity in the box of stones.

If the Northern Cheyennes paid a vast human price to regain a tiny piece of their homeland, they more recently paid a vast monetary price to keep it intact. In 1974, after leasing almost half the reservation to coal prospectors and miners, a move that promised riches almost beyond expectation, the Cheyennes did the incredible: Seeing the devastation wrought by coal development in nearby areas, they successfully petitioned the Department of Interior to suspend the leases. Two years later, on May 13, 1976, the Northern Cheyenne tribe became the first entity in the country to request redesignation of its lands from Class II to Class I.

This was uncharted terrain, both for the tribe and the EPA. It involved legal representation, lengthy documentation, scientific study and public hearings. To carry through on the request, the tribe had to fight off the verbal assaults not only from white neighbors who wanted to build power plants upwind but also from members of the Crow tribe, whose reservation is west of Lame Deer and who are far more interested in exploiting their coal resources than are the Northern Cheyennes. "It's just like the old days," said a young Cheyenne paralegal, pointing to an illustration of a power plant in a magazine. "These are their forts. They have their cavalry; they call them miners. And they have their scouts, just like they used to—the Crows."

The Cheyennes justified their request from several angles: health—respiratory ailments significantly shorten Cheyenne lifetimes; vegetation—increased levels of sulphur dioxide even at low concentrations can damage Ponderosa Pine, the dominant tree of the reservation; and, indirectly, social impacts on the reservation caused by the construction nearby of polluting industries. But it always came back to history and tradition. The long walk. The air that the Northern Cheyennes fled.

"Up north," said a Northern Cheyenne woman as she lay dying in Oklahoma, "the pines make a rustling

"All work and no Mustang
sounds like a pretty dull life style."

Go Mustang

FORD When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels

Lose yourself in the sporty spirit of the '78 Ford Mustang II... base sticker priced less than last year. Let this wide-open T-roof convertible take you away from an ordinary day. Or maybe you'd prefer the elegant Ghia or the 3-door Hatchback. And you can opt for a Rallye Package, oversize tires, choose from 5 different kinds of wheels, 7 different interiors and 14 great exterior colors. So visit your Ford Dealer and go Mustang. It could make your life a lot more fun.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION

Ford 75TH ANNIVERSARY

A day in Istanbul.
Share the intimacy of East meeting West.
Touch. Feel. Sense.
IZMIRA
IMPORTED
VODKA
In Turkey, where the Orient still flourishes
and the Western World begins,
Izmira Vodka was born.
It is a place of romance, mystery, magic,
history. You can sense it in
every sip of Izmira.
We challenge you to try Izmira Vodka.
You may never drink any other vodka.
80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM WHITE BEETS.
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY IZMIRA IMPORTS CO., N.Y. © 1978

Coming Clean?

It is March of 1975. The setting is an austere, oak-panelled hearing room in the United States Capitol building in Washington. Behind a large, curving rostrum sit several congressmen, all members of the Subcommittee on Health and the Environment of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Facing them, seated at a long table, are executives of some of the nation's largest steel companies. The executives are testifying about difficulties they say they are having in meeting the pollution control requirements of the Clean Air Act of 1970.

The following exchange takes place:

MR. ROGERS: (Congressman Paul G. Rogers of Florida, chairman of the subcommittee): Let's see, we have had the law five years now. Could you tell me, company by company, how many of your plants are in compliance presently and how many are not?

MR. ARMOUR: (Interlake, Inc.): I think we have to define in compliance with what.

MR. ROGERS: The Clean Air Act.

MR. ARMOUR: We do not have any in compliance.

MR. ANDERSON: (Bethlehem Steel Co.): None.

MR. JAICKS: (Inland Steel Co.): None.

MR. MALLICK: (U.S. Steel Co.): None.

MR. TUCKER: (National Steel Corp.): We have no plants in compliance.

—reprinted from the Natural Resources Defense Council newsletter

sound in the wind, and the trees smell good." The Northern Cheyennes have not forgotten that their deepest longing was for the air of home.

In August 1977 the EPA announced that it had granted the Northern Cheyennes' request for redesignation. The reservation was now Class I. Its air was safe. Here was the jewel.

"We all took deep gulps of breath and we got hyperventilated," said a Cheyenne judge, Marie Sanchez. "And that was the biggest high we ever got."

But there was a spider in the works.

Fifteen miles north of the reservation lies the town of Colstrip. From the smoking hum at the center of this village of 3,000 people spreads a web of power lines feeding 700 megawatts of electricity west. Colstrip is the heart of the western utilities' push into Montana; it is here that the Montana Power Company and four other utilities from Washington and Oregon propose to build two more power plants, called Colstrip Three and Four, each capable of producing 700 megawatts. On cool, still mornings the reddish stain from the two smaller plants already operating can sometimes be seen drifting south toward the reservation; even with considerable pollution control equipment designed into them, the new plants would more than double the intensity of that plume. Each hour the two plants would spew more than five tons of sulphur dioxide into the air.

Twice before it approved the Cheyennes' redesignation, the EPA told Montana Power that if Class I was granted, the agency could not give the company the required permit to build the polluting structures if they remained as planned because they would violate the standards. On September 30, 1977—after the redesignation—regional administrator Alan Merson denied the permit outright for the same reason. It appeared that the first test of Class I was going to prove it was a standard of genuine quality rather than just a paper promise.

But then on January 16, 1978, after holding several private meetings with Montana Power officials, EPA reversed itself and announced that it proposed to grant the permit.

Two obvious things had happened to cause this change of heart. First, in administering the 1977 amendments to the Clean Air Act, EPA had opened a brief loophole for power plants by applying parts of the amendments that relaxed controls immediately on such plants; at the same time EPA postponed provisions stiffening other controls until March 1, 1978. Colstrip units Three and Four were now allowed one violation of Class I standards annually instead of none. But they were not required, as the 1977 amendments also stipulated for new plants, to include the most effective, officially recognized pollution control technology. This selective postponement is now the subject of a suit filed by the Environmental Defense Fund against EPA.

Second, and more important, Montana Power had persuaded Merson, using the company's own data, that the meteorology of Colstrip would diffuse and divert the fumes on their way to the reservation more than EPA had thought, and that Class I standards would, indeed, be violated only once a year.

"Montana Power didn't want to change its pollution control technology," said one Cheyenne, "so it changed the wind."

Merson's final decision impends. It will come any day now, quietly, in the form of a phone call and letter to Montana Power Company. Few Northern Cheyennes or environmental groups are optimistic that Merson will experience another change of direction. Al-

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BUY AN EASY-TO-USE CAMERA, MAKE SURE IT'S REALLY EASY TO USE.

Like many of the new, compact 35mm reflex cameras, the Minolta XG-7 is automatic. You simply point, focus and shoot. The XG-7 sets the shutter speed up to 1/1000th of a second. And you get perfectly exposed pictures, automatically.

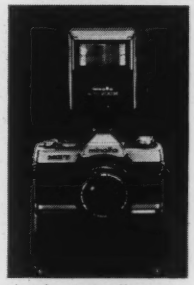
But easy operation is more than just automatic exposure. Here's what to look for when you compare cameras at your photo dealer.

Easy focusing. The XG-7's viewfinder is big and bright, even in the corners. Your subject snaps into critical sharpness.

It's easy to be creative. You can make the automatic exposure setting brighter or darker for creative effects.

An easy-to-understand electronic viewfinder. Light emitting diodes tell how the XG-7 is setting itself and warn against under- or over-exposure.

An easy-to-see electronic self-timer. The self-timer lets you get into your own pictures. It's a large flashing light mounted on the front of the camera. The flashing speeds up when the picture is about to be taken.



An easier-to-use auto winder. It automatically advances film, as fast as two pictures a second. You attach the optional Auto Winder G without having to remove (or lose) any caps from the XG-7.

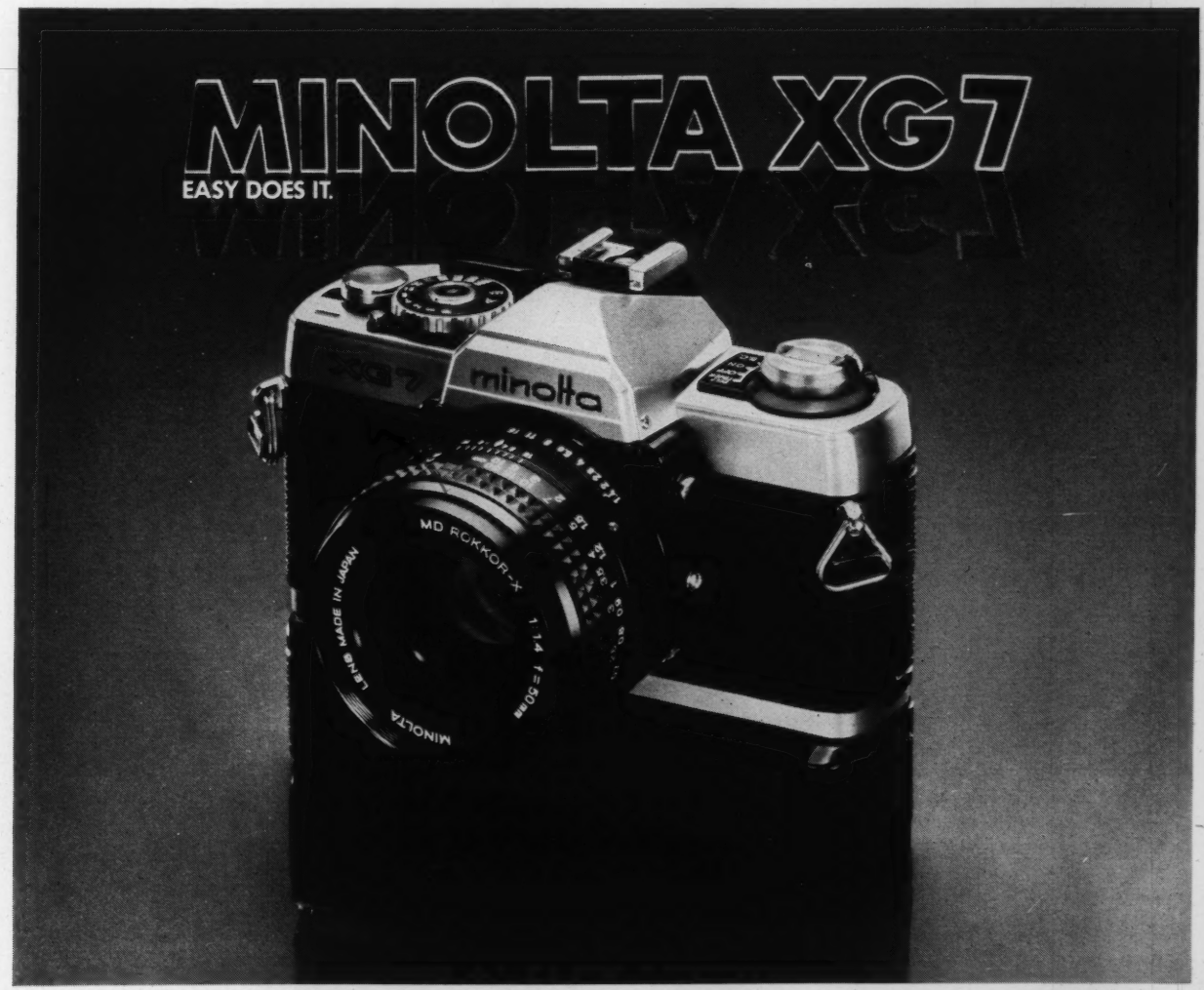
The easier-to-be-creative flash. The optional Minolta Auto Electroflash 200X synchronizes continuously with the winder. This exclusive feature allows you to take a sequence of up to 36 flash pictures.

The important "little" extras. The XG-7 has a window that shows when film is advancing properly. A memo holder holds the end of a film box as a reminder. There's even an optional remote control cord.

Fast, easy handling. The way a camera feels has a lot to do with how easy it is to use. Is it comfortable or awkward? Are the controls placed where your fingers naturally fall, or are they cramped together? The Minolta XG-7 is human engineered for comfort and smooth handling. It's quiet, with a solid feeling you find only in much more expensive equipment.

Easy-to-change lenses. Remove or attach lenses with less than a quarter turn. And a system of almost 40 different lenses, from fisheye to super-telephoto, makes the XG-7 a key to virtually unlimited creativity.

Try the Minolta XG-7. At your dealer. Or write for literature to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ont.



Sony quality that speaks for itself.

The TC-K7 II front-loading cassette deck is its own best spokesman.

Switch it on, and that disciplined Sony engineering will come through loud and clear.

And no wonder. Sony's been making tape recorders for 30 years. And today, we're still pushing back the frontiers. The K7 II shows how.

Its transport mechanism is a DC servo-controlled motor, with a frequency generator. It emits a signal which is relayed to electronic circuitry that locks in the tape movement exactly.

Our heads are ferrite-and-ferrite. And they're Sony's own formula—we don't buy them, we use our heads and make them.

You'll also find a direct-coupled head-playback amplifier. This means we've eliminated the middleman—the coupling capacitor—from the signal path. You get your sound direct, with minimum distortion.

Another reason the K7 II is the logical choice: our logic controlled feathertouch push-buttons actually go from fast-forward, to rewind, to play, without going through the stop position.

The K7 II also speaks for itself with Dolby Noise Reduction System.™ Large, professionally calibrated VU meters. Three LED's for peak level indication.

There's also bias and equalization switches for standard, Ferri-Chrome and Chromium Dioxide tapes. In fact, with nine possible combinations, any tape possibility of the future can be accommodated.

So if you're intrigued by quality that speaks for itself, get down to your Sony dealer and check this new cassette deck.

Before they're all spoken for.

Sony quality that doesn't speak at all.

But it won't be silent for long. Because the moment you record on one of our blank tapes, that quality will make itself heard.

Witness our Ferri-Chrome cassette.

Everybody knows that ferric-oxide tapes are ideal for reproducing the low frequencies. And that chromium dioxide is ideal for the high frequencies.

As usual, Sony wouldn't settle for anything but the best of both.

And as usual, Sony's engineers solved the problem. With a process that allows a coating of chromium dioxide to be applied over a coating of ferric-oxide.

Our two coats are leaving other brands of tape out in the cold. Because Ferri-Chrome boasts shockingly low distortion and startling dynamic range.

Sony is this advanced because we make more than tape. We make tape heads and tape recorders, too. (No other consumer company is that involved.) Because we know where tape winds up, we're better able to design and produce it.

Of course, in addition to Ferri-Chrome, Sony makes a complete line: Chrome, Hi-Fidelity, Low Noise, Elcaset and Microcassette.

Sony's been making tape for 30 years.

So when it comes to answering the tough questions about the manufacture of tape, no one fills in the blanks like Sony.

SONY AUDIO

© 1978 Sony Corporation of America, 9 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019

Music without bass is
music without life.
STANLEY CLARKE creates life.

"MODERN MAN."
The 1978 album from the
1977 Electric Bassist of the
Year (according to every known
readers' and critics' poll.)

On Nemperor Records and Tapes.

Distributed by CBS Records. © 1978 CBS Inc.

though he has a reputation as an environmentalist, in his recent appearance at Lame Deer he looked like a man frantically justifying a decision already made. There is too much political pressure involved now. A public hearing Merson called in Billings, Montana, to gather data on the pollution potential of the plants became instead a circus at which a phalanx of construction workers talked about patriotism and potential jobs and heckled speakers testifying for the Northern Cheyennes. And with many hands in the coal boom bucket, the sentiment has spread around Montana, although two-thirds of the power generated at the plants will go out of state and although such need is not easily demonstrated. Montana's lieutenant governor, Ted Schwinden, recently wrote a letter to an opponent of the plants, pointing out that in the last five years growth in use of electricity has been much lower then the figure used by Montana Power to justify Colstrip. "It does not appear that a delay in the construction of Colstrip Three and Four will necessarily mean black outs, brown outs or economic catastrophy," Schwinden wrote.

But momentum has been established in favor of the plants, and Merson is not the true source of that direction. This, it appears, comes right from the top, from EPA administrator Douglas Costle, who is looking over Merson's shoulder as he decides on the Colstrip permit. On February 28 Costle blasted a tunnel through the March 1 deadline for Colstrip and one other plant in Maine, saying the deadline did not apply because without demands for additional public comment time, the permit would have been issued long before.

"This is the first permit that will be determined as to a plant that could breach Class I standards," says Lonnie C. Von Renner, an attorney in the Washington, D.C., law office that represented the Sierra Club in its 1972 suit against EPA and that now represents the Northern Cheyennes. "So it's terribly important that the proper burden of proof be assigned, and that a close hard look at EPA be established as a precedent."

But the close hard look does not appear to be all that close—or hard, either. The data to determine whether or not the plants may pollute the reservation has been collected by a monitoring tower standing next to the plants. The tower's top is about 500 feet below the level at which the plume from the plants is likely to flow. Michael Williams, research coordinator for the John Muir Institute and consultant for, among others, the National Park Service and EPA itself, calls the data unreliable. Williams compared similar tower data collected at the Navajo power plant in Arizona with actual pollution experienced there and

found that out of 33 attempts, the tower did not correctly predict the pollution once. On the basis of these and other experiments, Williams predicts that sulphur dioxide concentrations on the reservation would be three to six times greater than Class I increments allow.

Ed Wadington, an environmental consultant whose Billings firm does business with Montana Power, expressed incredulity that EPA would issue a decision based solely on atmospheric modeling, calling it a "poorly developed assumptive art." At the end of a letter to the Northern Cheyenne Research Project, Wadington wrote: "I feel that the basic approach via ambient modeling is so inherently inadequate that little can be gained by academic argumentation."

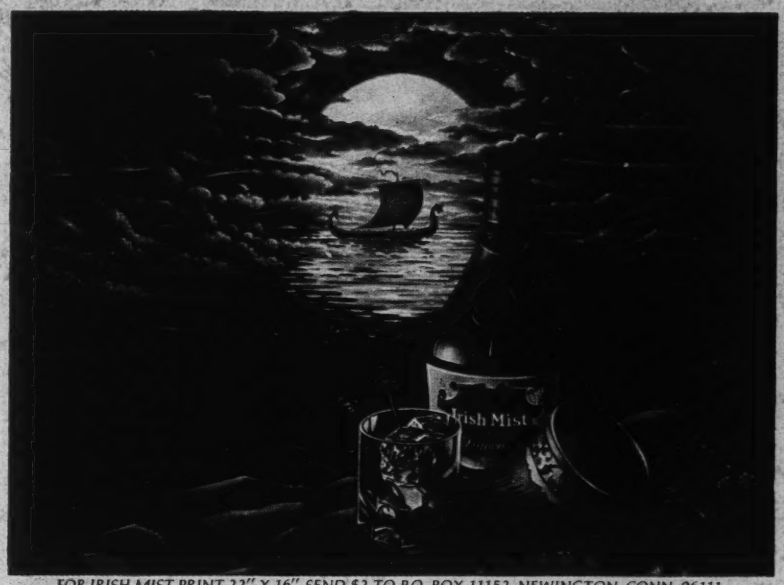
"They have their cavalry; they call them miners. And they have their scouts, just like they used to—the Crow tribe"

On the Northern Cheyenne reservation Joe Bear drives slowly home, a wisp of pale pink dust rising behind the pickup. He has pointed out a field between groves of cottonwoods across the river where a rancher is trying to get a strip mine started. He has talked about progress: "We're not against it, but we want to be self-sufficient." Way down in the end of the valley, in the dip where the Tongue lies, are the blue shapes of higher mountains—the Big Horns near Sheridan, Wyoming, 70 miles away.

When Bear pulls into the driveway beside his small red home, he stops and there is another smile. He, like all the other Cheyennes who keep the tradition, knows the wealth he has denied himself in the name of the quality of life; perhaps he knows too that few whites, faced with such poverty and such opportunity together, would have felt so intensely about the integrity of the earth. "I guess I like this country," he says. "I realize I could trade what I have for money, but I don't think I'd be any happier."

Omotome. The Northern Cheyenne word for air is the same as the word for breath. The precedents won't touch Joe Bear here. All that will come to this valley is a very faint haze. But we will have stained his breath, his life, which he has fought to keep pure. And this time the Northern Cheyennes have nowhere else to go. ●

INTRODUCING THE BLACK MIST.



FOR IRISH MIST PRINT 22" X 16", SEND $2 TO P.O. BOX 11152, NEWINGTON, CONN. 06111.

IF YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR HISTORY, REDISCOVER THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD IN THE DRINK THAT MAY BE YOUR MATCH:

The Black Mist.

Equal parts Imported Irish Mist and dark Creme de Cacao on-the-rocks.

Uncommonly smooth. Remarkably delicious.

Yet, not to be taken lightly.

For its potency traces its roots back thousands of years to Man's unquenchable thirst for the legendary taste of mead:

A zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

A taste rediscovered in Irish Mist.

Before or after dinner, it is the perfect balance of potency and good taste one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

And, to "The Black Mist," it brings a taste of history.

Imported Irish Mist.

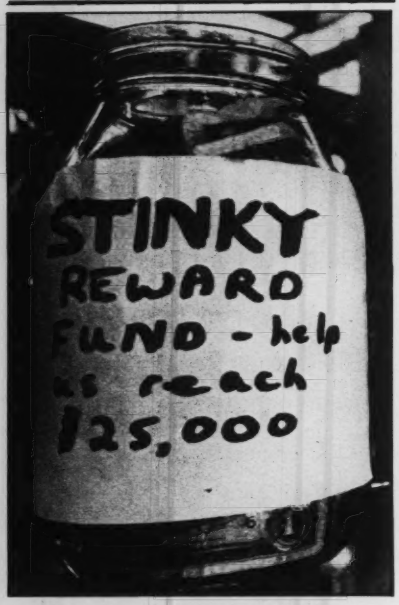
The natural taste of mead. Rediscover it in "The Black Mist."

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

IMPORTED IRISH MIST® LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF. ©1978 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

Berkeley Rapes

Continued from page 32



Pig Bank: The bounty mounts up

"Then he came back. He went through my closet, then back out to the kitchen, and I started going crazy in my head. 'God, I wish this was over,' I kept thinking. 'This will be over. It will be over and I will be all right,' I said. 'If he doesn't kill me, I can get over it,' I thought. 'I can get over anything.'

"Then he came back and pulled the covers off. I had on a baby doll top and no bottoms, and he told me to open my legs. I thought I would try to appeal to him. 'Why are you doing this?' I asked, and I tried to talk, but then I got mad.

"'All the free pussy out there on the street and you gonna fuck with me?' I said, and that made him livid.

"'Shut up, you black bitch. You black bitch,' he said.

"He kept standing there looking at me. I heard him pull his pants down, but he didn't move. Then he took the sheet and put it between my legs. He wiped me like you'd wipe a baby, but then he just stood there. It seemed like 15 to 20 minutes and it was driving me crazy. I thought if he didn't do something soon, I'd freak out.

"Then he started crawling up the length of the bed. He didn't just get on top of me, he crawled up toward me like we were on the ground. Then he climbed up on me and entered me.

"He had an erection and he just went back and forth, for hours. He had no interesting moves or variety. I could have been a board. A couple of times he speeded up, and I thought he was going to come. But he didn't.

"When he lost his erection, he'd get mad and scream, 'Act like you want it, you bitch . . . Act like you like it.' His face was up next to mine, kissing me, and that was just awful, a nasty, awful, sloppy kiss, and he was angry the whole time. He didn't like women. He couldn't. I thought he was punishing me, he was so rough and hurtful. I told him it really hurt. I was all dry and tight, but he didn't care at all.

"Suddenly I said to him, 'You know, when my husband comes home, he's gonna kill us both.'

"'Your husband's not here,' he said. 'He left you.'

"'He has not. He's come back,' I lied.

"'Does he have a key?'

"'Of course he has a key,' I said.

"And all of a sudden he jumped up. 'I'm leaving this motherfucker. . .'"

When the police arrived, Vivian told them what had happened and they said, "Looks like the same M.O."

"What do you mean?" she said. They told her about Stinky. It was the first she had heard of him.

At the hospital the same thing happened. "The nurses knew all about him too," she said. "That really pissed me off. I got very angry. If they all knew about it, why didn't I? Why wasn't I told? Why didn't the people in the community know about him?"

In the fall of 1975 the largely black community of South Berkeley first began to hear about Stinky. Vivian herself made a point of telling as many people as she could. Within the next few weeks, two of her friends were attacked. In one instance, Stinky brought the woman's three young daughters into the bedroom. He made them watch as he raped and performed anal sex with her.

During 1976 Stinky attacked 22 times, on the average of nearly twice a month. Fourteen of the victims were black, five were white and three were oriental. At some point that year, nobody remembers how or when, he was identified as "Stinky." He had 45 known victims, and the community as a whole was slowly becoming aware of him. There had still been no mention of him in the local press, however, and there wouldn't be for another year and a half.

Back on the flats of Berkeley, people started to arrange neighborhood meetings and plan their own patrol operations. Men were as active as women. Some were assigned as lookouts, others to act as escorts. Neighborhood maps were drawn up, with layouts of houses, names and telephone numbers. These were Xeroxed and circulated. The plan was to be alert, not just for rapists but for anyone who looked as if he was checking out the neighborhood.

People were critical of police *response* to Stinky, but never of police behavior with the victims. The women had nothing but praise for their sensitivity. "The police were terrific with me," Vivian Michaels said. "Berkeley is Berkeley after all, and they couldn't have been better. All they did bad was one guy wouldn't give me a cigarette. He said it would hurt my health."

Veronika Fukson, a member of the city planning commission, organized one meeting that summer. It was held in a church in North Berkeley, and she remembers that flyers were posted on the telephone poles for days in advance and that about 200 people showed up that night. Representatives of the powerful local rape-counseling organization, Bay Area Women Against Rape, told women to be aware and to protect themselves. Locks don't necessarily work, they said. Bolt the windows. Get a dog. One that barks. Stinky had attacked a woman who owned a dog only once.

That night everyone talked about how dangerous Stinky was, and they said, "Maybe he's here, maybe he's watching us right now." Everyone was looking around at everyone else. It was an awful, paranoid night, Veronika remembers. She hated it. Other people remember it the same way. And since then, they agree, that kind of distrust and incipient racial fear has only gotten worse.

The meeting broke up about 10:30 p.m., people went home, and at 2 a.m. a day later, Stinky raped a woman who lived in the same neighborhood as the church.

"There's no trust here in Berkeley any more," said one man. Three of his neighbors had been raped. "Everything's changing; even the politics are changing. More fear, more conservative attitudes. Every house is locked up tighter than a drum, and no one goes out unescorted after dark. Everyone looks at every black man, wondering if he's Stinky, and every black man knows it. The whole thing's awful. This guy's been operating for years now and it's getting worse and worse. The fear of Stinky has infiltrated our lives like the fear of the bomb did 15 years ago."

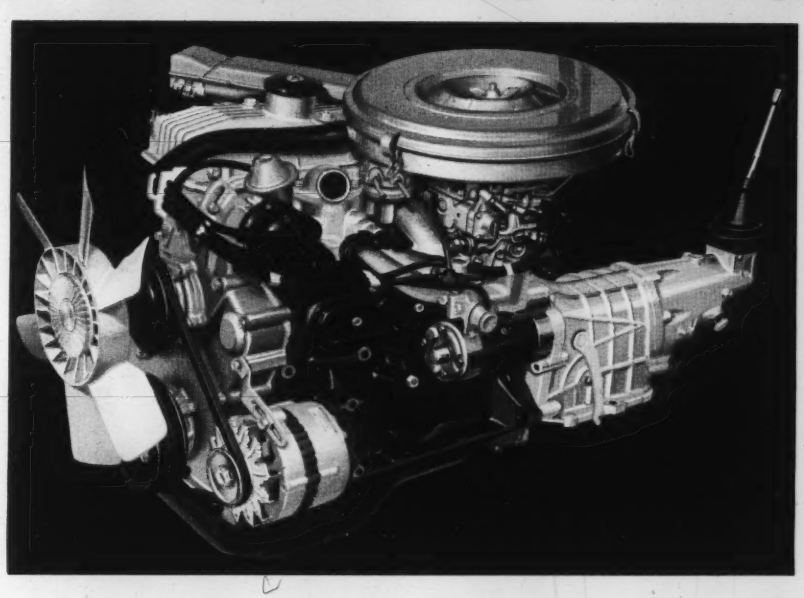
Lucille Henderson, a medical statistician, lived next door to a woman who had been raped by Stinky. The morning after the attack she noticed that she had left one of her own windows open by mistake and she became hysterical. Months earlier, she had installed a couple of special locks in her house. This had embarrassed her; only two years earlier, when a couple across the street did the same thing, she had been critical of their willingness to submit to fear.

Now, however, when her neighbor's locked windows had been pried open and her own stood unlocked, she was panic-stricken. "It could have been me instead of her," she said.

That day she bought some tools and nailed the doors and bolted every win-

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

Introducing our two-barrel, four-cylinder, twelve-valve, smooth-running, low-emissions wonder.



If you're really into cars and driving, you should know more about our amazing new MCA-Jet System with Silent Shaft. We think it's one of the most significant engine developments to come down the pike since the first American high-compression V8.

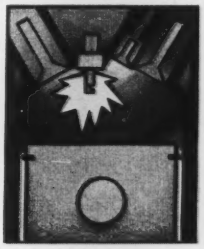
First off, it offers all the advantages of a four-cylinder engine...but without the vibration usually associated with the proverbial "four-banger." Its unique Silent Shaft design (available only with the five-speed manual and automatic transmissions) is the reason. Two counterbalancing shafts rotate in opposite directions to cancel out the noticeable power pulses inherent in normal four-cylinder designs.

Now comes the MCA-Jet part of our system. MCA stands for Mitsubishi Clean Air. The MCA-Jet System meets...even exceeds...the stringent emissions requirements now in effect in both Japan and America. Without loss in performance, too. A revolutionary new cylinder-head design that incorporates a third, or "jet," valve does the job. This valve introduces an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber which swirls the fuel-air mixture and promotes a faster, more even, thorough burning of the mixture at ignition.

The MCA-Jet System. It's a simple, yet highly sophisticated, answer to a very complex problem. The kind of answer you would expect from people who care about cars and driving as much as you do.

A cutaway of our amazing little engine.

Induction and compression phase.



Ignition and combustion phase.

MCA-JET SYSTEM.

Exclusively available on Dodge Challenger, Dodge Colt, Plymouth Sapporo, and Plymouth Arrow.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS CORPORATION

dow in the house. Next she boarded up the back door. Nothing could open except the front door.

"This really makes me question what I'm doing with my life," she admitted. "I know the power fear has over me and I hate it, but what am I supposed to do? I go to bed wondering if Stinky'll come in, and I wake up in the morning relieved that he hasn't. I'd rather have everything bolted down and know I'm safe than live with the terrible feeling of vulnerability I have otherwise."

"I kept thinking, 'Jesus, the sun has to come up sometime.' It was the longest night I've ever spent"

Vivian Michaels had her own very personal problems.

Month after month passed; one year, two years; and the memory of the rape stayed as close as yesterday. Anything—a sound on the street, a male voice at work, the angle of someone coming through the door, a scene in a movie—anything could thrust her uncontrollably into a dreadful flashback of that night. And what happened to her, happens to virtually all rape victims.

"If I go to bed and I'm thinking about it—which, of course, I do all the time—I don't sleep at all," she said. "I lie awake and dream and think about him finding me or coming in again. I relive all the most frightening moments and can't put it out of my mind. It's with me all the time. I always relive the first part, when I realized he was here, the terror of it. And I remember little things, like the way he hated me.

"You know how you remember something embarrassing? Some time when you put your foot in your mouth or did something stupid and you don't want to think about it, but of course you do, and you feel crummy, humiliated? It's that kind of thing exactly. The humiliation of it stays and stays. I keep waiting for it all to go away, but it doesn't.

"But humiliation isn't the right word," she said. "I need another language. Humiliated isn't good enough."

She paused. "Just insignificant," she said. "Just nothing. That's how I feel. Just like nothing. Gone. Erased.

"You wonder if you're responsible," she went on. "Women always feel guilty about rape. Society does that to you. If I wear shorts, even my friends will say, 'Oh, Vivian, that's why you were raped,' and God damn it, they believe it. But I don't. I'm a rational person, and so I say to myself, 'Hell, no, it wasn't my fault.' But down underneath, you still wonder. All the time.

"But what's really put me back," she said, "is my distrust of me, and my distrust of men. I know men in general didn't commit that rape, but I have still had to reconstruct my feelings about men all over again. It's simple. Men remind me of Stinky. If you see one pink dog and then you see another pink dog, you remember the first one. It's the same with Stinky. It's the flashbacks. I can't get away from them.

"My sex life has gone to zero. It's not that I don't get aroused, but the second I do, or the second a guy starts getting sexual with me, I get a flashback. I remember, and that takes it away. It's all gone. I mean, either you're turned on or you're not. There's no in between. When you're making love and someone rings the doorbell, it interrupts you. You stop being turned on. Memories work the same way.

"If I'm not with a man who's patient, patient, patient," she said, "I can't have sex. Even if I love him, I can't go through with it."

Dr. Rosemary Bower, a psychiatrist and professor in Berkeley, has treated a number of rape victims, including sev-

The receiver someone paid a million for.

A lot of money? You bet it is. But that's what it cost Sansui to develop the world's first super-fidelity receiver. The G-9000 pure power DC receiver.

The DC circuitry (patent pending) inside is extraordinarily sophisticated. So you get music reproduction more clean, brilliant and true than ever before.

The Sansui G-9000 is also, we believe, the world's best "human engineered" receiver. Our engineers spent months testing the full complement of controls so that they are most comfortably positioned, respond immediately to your most gentle touch, and perform with utmost accuracy.

We at Sansui are extremely proud of our million dollar achievement. And when you listen to a G-9000 at your franchised Sansui dealer, you'll know why.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247

Sansui

160 watts/channel, min RMS, driven into 8 ohms from 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.02% total harmonic distortion. Simulated walnut grain cabinet.

eral women who were attacked by Stinky. She, like other psychiatrists, says the effects of rape can be more devastating than the loss of a husband or a child. "If you lose a loved one, you're brokenhearted, but you get a very real kind of sympathy you don't get if you're raped," she said. "People can be very good about rape right after it happens, but they tend to want you to be all better in a couple of weeks. The recuperative process after rape takes years and years because, especially if you've been raped at home, you've been attacked and degraded in your most intimate sanctuary.

"If you were asleep when it started, the attack comes when you're at your deepest, most primal level. You're totally vulnerable and defenseless. There really is nothing more devastating," she said. "It's everybody's ultimate horror fantasy of the monster coming to get you. It's the worst fear come true."

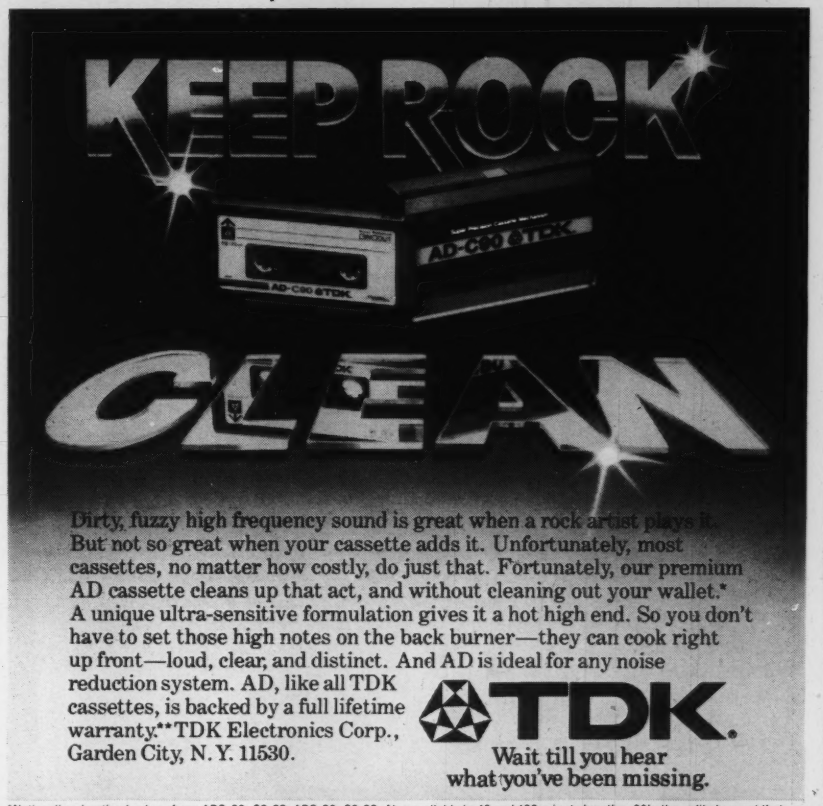
It took Vivian Michaels two years and four months until, last winter, she had one orgasm.

Some city buildings in Berkeley have been modernized in recent years, but the old Police Headquarters has not changed. It's a small three-story stucco building with little windows and old-fashioned wood paneling the color of straw. There are photographs in the lobby of men in skinny ties and shoulder pads posing beside acres of oranges or a new train station, perhaps. It all speaks of an era before the war, when Berkeley was newer and California was still southern in nature. A broad staircase curves up both sides of the lobby to the main floor. The patrol division is on the left, the detective division is on the right. All the rooms are small and square with wood desks and glass walls. On the second floor, there is a modest jail with a capacity of 75.

On the top floor there is an L-shaped room with two windows overlooking the parking lot. This is the headquarters of the Special Rape Task Force. It has six desks and some file cabinets. On one desk there are two metal trays, full of double stacks of crime reports. These sheets of folded paper are the 62 Stinky case reports. On one wall there is a street map of Berkeley with 62 colored pins stuck in it. And on the other, bigger wall, there are five rows of colored papers, each row starting in the upper left hand corner and picking up again on the top left side of the next wall. There are 62 pieces in all.

The top five sheets are coded with broad orange slashes. They represent Stinky's first five victims and the year 1973. The next row is green, for 1974; 1975 is purple, 1976 red, 1977 yellow, 1978 black.

Each of the sheets, marked by a number from 1 to 62, has a list of 25 items going down the left hand side of the



Dirty, fuzzy high frequency sound is great when a rock artist plays it. But not so great when your cassette adds it. Unfortunately, most cassettes, no matter how costly, do just that. Fortunately, our premium AD cassette cleans up that act, and without cleaning out your wallet.* A unique ultra-sensitive formulation gives it a hot high end. So you don't have to set those high notes on the back burner—they can cook right up front—loud, clear, and distinct. And AD is ideal for any noise reduction system. AD, like all TDK cassettes, is backed by a full lifetime warranty.** TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

TDK.
Wait till you hear what you've been missing.

*Nationally advertised value of one ADC-60: $2.69, ADC-90: $3.99. Also available in 45 and 120-minute lengths. **In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

DAVID GALE, President
Mini Computer Business Applications,
Los Angeles

"Before I read *Dianetics* I had plenty of ideas but I never seemed to ARRIVE.

"Then I used what was in this book and I became more at ease with myself and life. I no longer had to fight things inside my own head. I felt I could do what I wanted to do.

"So I started a company That was 3 years ago. Today it is a thriving million dollar business with international customers.

"Being able to concentrate better was one of the key things I gained from *Dianetics*. I can put my full attention on one project, put it down and pick up something else, or do six different things in rapid fire sequence—all without getting upset or distracted.

"I don't waste time worrying any more either. Instead of spending 55 minutes out of every hour worrying and thinking I spend FIVE minutes of every hour thinking and 55 minutes DOING what I want to do!

"I think *Dianetics* is the single most important book about the mind that's ever been written. It shows you how to clear away the things that prevent you from being yourself. It shows you how to realize your own potential. That's what it did for me."

"I realized my own potential by reading *Dianetics*."

Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health by L. Ron Hubbard has been a national bestseller 27 years for just 2 reasons:
(1) It makes sense.
(2) It works.
Find out for yourself how *Dianetics* has helped so many people lead more satisfying lives.

Buy it. Read it. Use it.

550 pages. $10 hardback. $2 paperback. Get *Dianetics* at your nearest bookstore. For more information or to order by mail, write:
Publications Organization
Church of Scientology of California
2723 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA 90026

Dept. N-T-4 — All orders shipped within 24 hours, postage paid.
Publications Organization
Church of Scientology of California
2723 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA 90026

☐ Please send me ____ copies of *Dianetics, The Modern Science of Mental Health* by L. Ron Hubbard in hardback ($10/copy) and ____ copies in paperback ($2/copy). I enclose $____ (check/cash/money order).

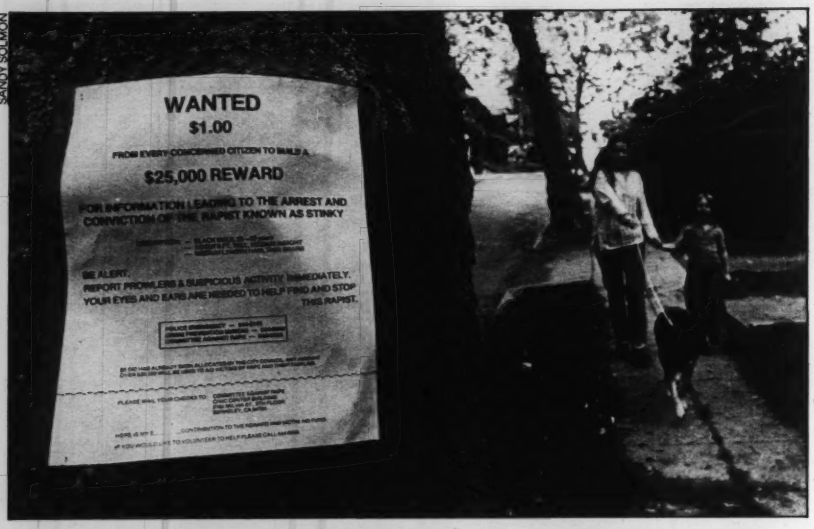
☐ Please send me more information on Dianetics.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Copyright© 1950, 1977, 1978 by L. Ron Hubbard. All rights reserved. The Church of Scientology of California is a non-profit organization. Scientology® and Dianetics® are registered names. Scientology is an applied religious philosophy.

SANDY SOLMON


WANTED
$1.00
$25,000 REWARD
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THE RAPIST KNOWN AS STINKY
BE ALERT.
REPORT PROWLERS & SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY IMMEDIATELY.
YOUR EYES AND EARS ARE NEEDED TO HELP FIND AND STOP THIS RAPIST.

Waiting It Out: A constant reminder that someone could be #63

BERKELEY GAZETTE

Rape Task Force H.Q.: Brian Oliver prays for some clue

BERKELEY GAZETTE

Rape Victim #62: Carolyn Craven (foreground) holds a press conference. "I knew if I survived I was going to talk about it publicly"

page. The space to the right is either blank or filled in with the appropriate color for the year. The lists, legible all the way across the room, identify the key features of Stinky's rapes.

They read, in part: "GRND FLR ENTRY, ALONE, CHILD, VIC[tim] ASLEEP, BLINDFOLD VIC, GUN, KNIFE, GLOVES, PROWL FOR $, PHONE CUT, BODY ODOR, MULTIPLE SEX ACTS, ERECTION PROBLEM, MASTURBATES, KISS VAGINA, KISS BREASTS, GIVE TONGUE, ASKS TONGUE, COME, VIC DANCE."

It is a bizarre tableau of assault and intimacy. If the most private facts of a person's life are the precise details of his sexual performance, then here, emblazoned in lines of color, is exactly that. But here, ironically, these intimate details represent *all* that is known about a man, 25 items of an M.O.

In 1976, Stinky had attacked 22 times, three times in December alone and again on January 2, 1977, and at least one of these victims belonged to an influential family in the black community. For the first time, in January, a number of victims joined with Bay Area Women Against Rape to create another organization for the purpose of lobbying for greater police and community pressure to catch Stinky.

Then toward the end of the month, Robert Kroll, a reporter for the *Berkeley Gazette*, got an anonymous phone call. The caller was a woman, and she asked him if he knew about all the rapes.

"What rapes?" he asked.

"The Stinky rapes," she said.

"What do you mean, 'Stinky?'"

Dozens of women had been raped during the last few years, she said, by the same man. He always smelled of petroleum or gas.

"I was astonished, just astonished," Kroll said recently. "I went to the police just flabbergasted we hadn't heard about it. It turned out we had reported some of his rapes, but not as a connected series. The police had never come to us saying, 'We got this guy. Please give us some newsprint on it.' I never got a satisfactory answer as to why they sat on it for so long. They said they didn't want people to panic."

On February 11, the *Gazette* broke the story with a front page article. "POSSIBLY 150 ATTACKS OVER PAST 5 YEARS," the headline read.

A foul smelling rapist has been terrorizing a southwest Berkeley neighborhood, having committed 47 known assaults and perhaps as many as 150 over a 5-year period.

The police code name for the young black man said to smell like gasoline or oil is "Stinky." He is said to be 25 to 30 years old.

Bay Area Women Against Rape is now mobilizing women, including rape victims, to warn the community about the crimes . . . and to try to develop new information that could lead to his capture.

"This is one of the most serious strings of violent crimes in Berkeley's history," according to a police spokesman, ". . . and unless there is direct community involvement and cooperation, we may never catch this guy . . ."

Recently victims have accused [Stinky] of sexual acts involving urination, shaving their pubic hair, dressing them in their own clothes and then tearing them off.

The story continued for another three columns and gave a summary of police action to date.

Despite the lack of any good clues, numerous suspects have been questioned. One man who was identified by the daughter of a victim was arrested and questioned, but then released [the spokesman] said, because he had an "air tight" alibi.

Kroll also quoted police as saying they had checked out men who worked at service stations and garages in the area. "This too led nowhere," the story said. At present, it continued, the police say they have "exhausted all leads in the case."

Bay Area newspapers picked up Kroll's story and community reaction was enormous. Suddenly Stinky and rape itself became topics for church sermons, dinner parties, political meetings and City Council sessions. Carolyn Craven, a young reporter for the local television station, did a big story about Stinky, and she interviewed one victim, named Jane, who sat with her back to the camera and cried afterwards.

Several weeks later, in March 1977, another story by Kroll appeared in the *Gazette*. "RESIDENTS DEMAND ACTION ON RAPIST."

Some 225 residents of the fear-stricken southwest Berkeley neighborhood where nearly 50 known rapes have been committed have met with city officials to demand a greater commitment to catch the mysterious assailant known as Stinky.

Members of the city council, the city manager and the chief of police met last night at the McGee Ave. Baptist Church and promised to use whatever city resources are available to catch the foul-smelling rapist. . . .

The story noted the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, local businesses and the *Berkeley Gazette* had pledged money toward a reward fund. Later the City Council would put up a $5,000 reward for information leading to his capture.

Police Chief Wesley Pomeroy told the community meeting . . . that catching Stinky was the police department's "number one priority."

But Pomeroy stopped short of committing additional police manpower to the investigative effort to track down the man responsible for an estimated minimum of 150 rapes in Berkeley.

"All we know is Stinky is a male Negro, about thirty, medium build, short hair. That description fits half the black population of Berkeley"

The chief said the department put several officers on overtime last spring at a cost of $8,000 to try to find the suspect, but they were unsuccessful and the effort was called off. "Extra manpower doesn't always stop crime," Pomeroy stated.

Currently, the story said, there were only four policemen on patrol in the area where the rapes had occurred.

Jonathan* heard about Mary Lou's* rape in the middle of the night when her sister called and told him. At first he didn't believe her. He got angry and told her to stop joking.

Experts say most couples' relationships cannot sustain the impact of rape and after a period of time break up. But Jonathan and Mary Lou did not.

"The problem," Mary Lou said, is "the first time he looks at you and you know he's thinking you liked it or you wanted it. Once that element of distrust is there you can't get over it. Jon's never looked at me like that," she added, "and I know that's why we've made it."

"It's hard for him to hear anything about it," Mary Lou said. "In the beginning it was like stabbing him. I knew we had to talk about it, but it was like I was stabbing him. The pain and hurt were terrible. If my sense of guilt is, 'What did I do to let it happen?' his is the same. He always talks about what if he'd been there, what if we hadn't been split up then, and he's obsessed with wanting to catch Stinky. Sometimes early in the morning he's awake, sitting up in bed. 'What are you doing?' I'll ask him, and he says, 'What if I catch him? What would I do to him?'"

"Strangely enough," she said, "it does me good to listen to him, all the gory things he wants to do—torture him, cut his balls off, get him, for what he did to me, and to him too, I guess."

Stinky attacked 11 times between the spring and fall of 1977. Then, in October, the special six-man unit known as the Rape Task Force was established, with Inspector Brian Oliver in charge. The department budget that year, of which 90 percent went for salaries, was $4,801,136. The Task Force cost $955 a day, $4,775 a week, $21,010 a month.

The squad under Brian Oliver worked 16, sometimes 20, hours a day. They had no physical evidence—a shoe or a handkerchief—that could be traced. Instead, they charted out three main areas of investigation.

Their first job was to research each rape and uncover any information overlooked during the earlier probe. Some victims said they had not been questioned again by police since right after their attacks. They have now been interviewed extensively, and there are tentative plans to bring them together to see if they can collectively find a way to identify Stinky.

The second avenue was scientific. They dusted each new crime scene extensively for fingerprints, using more sophisticated techniques than before, and they went back over all the fingerprints collected through the years—several dozen that had never been identified—and tracked down and identified all but twelve. One of these, they theorized, could be Stinky's and, on that outside chance, could be invaluable legally as circumstantial evidence tying him to a rape scene.

The police had come under strenuous criticism from crime experts and forensic scientists for not having used imaginative laboratory work. Last fall, however, they commissioned elaborate and expensive scientific analyses of whatever physical material they did have, such as bed sheets, specimens of Stinky's semen and the crime scenes themselves.

Despite their scientific techniques, police have not been successful in determining what Stinky's famous smell is. Recently, however, they are said to have prepared a contraption, an airtight device not unlike a tin can. The next time Stinky attacks, the bed sheet will immediately be stored in this container for several days and by then—depending on what the substance is—the fumes will either have evaporated completely or will be so strong they can be analyzed and identified. Standard Oil of California has loaned its services and is preparing an experiment designed to help identify it. A large array of petroleum and industrial-related compounds will be isolated in separate vats and then put

on display in the hopes the victims will identify one.

Probably the single most important clue—and perhaps the only real one—developed since October was discovered through sophisticated biochemical analysis of Stinky's semen deposits. His blood and enzyme grouping, as it is called, is so rare that it is found in only 3.7 percent of the black male population. This will not lead to Stinky's identification, police admit, but it could be used to link a suspect circumstantially to the rapes.

The third and by far most time-consuming new area of investigation has involved tracing the whereabouts of literally thousands of potential suspects, for example, everyone in the Bay Area counties arrested in the last ten years for either burglary, assault, rape or any kind of sexual offense. Others included those incarcerated in the Bay Area during the nine-month period between October 1973 and July 1974 when there were no reported attacks; everyone on the Berkeley city payroll; and everyone arrested for prowling in Berkeley in recent years—on the theory that Stinky is an accomplished prowler.

The arrest records and, where possible, the known addresses of all these people—restricted to black males—was cross-checked with the help of a computer against the dates of the rapes to determine which people were physically available to commit the crimes. If a man was in jail on any one date, had moved to Alaska or was visiting New York one summer, he was automatically eliminated. "The longer this thing goes on," Lt. Smithson said, "the easier it is to eliminate someone. Now we're looking for a man who has been continuously in this area for almost five years and that's getting rarer and rarer."

Specifically, the squad put together 22 categories of names; those not immediately eliminated on the basis of their whereabouts were investigated by the squad. Of all the names, 500 emerged as "potential suspects." By last account, all but 14 had been eliminated.

The squad has also investigated as many men as possible whose jobs routinely give them access to the target neighborhood. This includes garbage men, postmen, utility and telephone repairmen, and shopkeepers in the vicinity. In addition, they have checked out service station employees, and even all East Bay industrial or petroleum company employees who worked the swing shift. The theory, Smithson explained, was that after being let off at 11 p.m., the man could commit the rapes. People on the day shifts were not checked. "You have to draw the line somewhere," he said with obvious frustration at the seeming enormity of the challenge facing the department.

They also sent virtually the entire Stinky file to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C., for help in developing a psychological profile of the rapist. This had already been done by members of the psychology department at the University of California at Berkeley and proven unhelpful. The FBI sent back a three-page response including such insights as: The man had "a domineering mother," "is quiet and introverted," "usually checks out his victim in the early evening time," and "is raping women to prove to himself that he is a man."

"It's not like you can lie back and accept it," she said. "It's like being a kidnap victim. I had to not only function sexually, I had to make him enjoy it"

All fall and winter as the squad worked, Stinky continued to operate as usual, and by January of this year the situation was approaching another crisis point. On New Year's Eve he attacked, and slashed a woman across the hands and face with his knife. He attacked again the following Saturday, January 7.

The next week two more community organizations were formed, one to increase the reward for Stinky's capture to $25,000 by having every Berkeley resident contribute one dollar, and another to improve citizen patrols. Within ten days they would have hundreds of members.

"I may not be safe from Stinky," one organizer said, "but I'm doing something with my anger and I feel better."

A lot of people were disturbed, city officials and council members alike. "Stinky has an incredible number of victims and a lot of them have children or boyfriends," councilwoman Carole Davis said. "That's a lot of people who need psychological help, a lot of people disrupted by rape. We really have a gigantic problem on our hands, a massive amount of suffering for one town."

When Carolyn Craven moved into her house in South Berkeley that fall, she had special locks installed. There were three deadbolts on both the front and back doors and new locks on the casement windows. She even bought a police whistle to put it under her pillow.

"I'm the perfect Stinky victim," the young television reporter told friends. She wasn't joking. She had done three stories on Stinky, and on Saturday, January 14, she became victim #62.

That day she went shopping. She was out of work—the news program where she had worked for eight years had just been discontinued—but wherever she went, people recognized her. Several years earlier an effort had been made to convince her to run for public office. People said the kind of knowledge and concern she had for community problems could best be used in politics. But she said no. She wanted a good family life with her seven-year-old son, Gabriel. Besides, she liked being a reporter.

About 11:30 that night she went to bed. Gabriel was tucked under the covers in the room next door, a night light in the hall was glowing.

"The next thing I knew I saw the image of a figure flying at me, leaping at me through the air. He jumped on me in the dark and covered my eyes and mouth with a gloved hand and stuck a knife in my neck. He told me to shut up or he would kill me. It all happened so fast I didn't have time to reach for the air whistle."

He had come in through Gabriel's locked window and turned off the night light as he passed the hall. He shut her door; Carolyn could hear Gabriel crying in the dark, outside in the hallway.

Stinky ignored the sounds. "He told me to turn over and when I didn't do it fast enough, he cut my finger with the knife. He blindfolded me. I knew who he was immediately by his odor."

The little boy could hear the strange sounds coming from his mother's room. "Mommy, Mommy," he cried.

"You make him shut up or I'll kill him," Stinky said in rage. "If he comes in here I'll kill him."

Gabriel went on crying and suddenly Stinky said, "You tell him, 'Shut up or I'll hit you.'"

"I can't say that to my son," Carolyn argued.

Stinky slapped her across the face. "You say that or else I'll kill you."

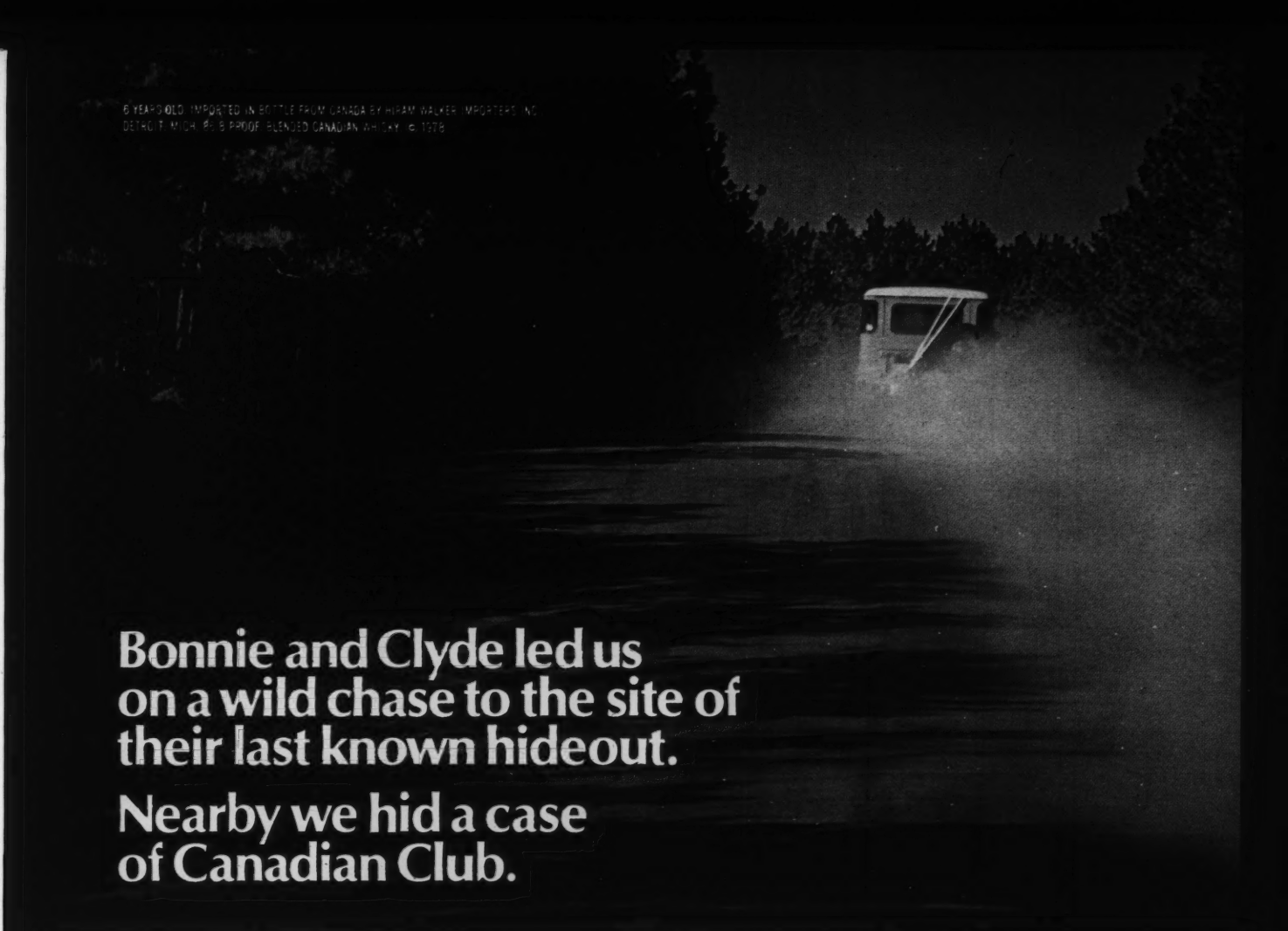
"Gabriel, honey," Carolyn called out. "You shut up or I'll hit you. I'm telling you, I'll hit you."

There was silence outside. "Mommy . . . "

"I'm telling you, you go back to bed or I'll come and slap you."

Stinky undressed, but left his boots on. He climbed back on the bed. Carolyn was naked except for the blindfold. He began.

"All he was looking for," Carolyn said later, "was power. It had nothing to do with sex. It was power, terrorizing, dominance, that's what he wanted. He seemed as happy and satisfied when he took me into the living room afterwards and had me bend down on my knees


6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC
DETROIT MICH 86 8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY © 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.

Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde.

Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.

Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

with my hands tied behind my back and my head on the trunk as he had during the rape."

"His orgasm was nothing," she said. "It was anticlimactic.

"No matter how terrible people think rape is, it's worse than they know. It's like a bomb going off at the center of your soul.

"It's not like you can sit back, or lie back, and accept it," she went on. "You become a participant in your own rape. It's like being a kidnap victim. Your only hope for survival depends on the success of the criminal. I had to not only function sexually, I had to try to give him the best fuck of his life. I had to make him have orgasms and I had to want him to enjoy it. I had to try to figure out what he'd like and then give it to him.

"And that," she said, "is why I feel so incredibly awful now. That is why I feel such shame and guilt. No matter how good a person I think I am, I did all that and it shames me to the core of my being. I'll never be the same again. It's like you yourself have murdered your own self-esteem. For four hours someone took control of my life, and there's a war going on now inside me to gain it back. I can't say enough how terrible it is," she said. "It's like waging war to get it back."

When Stinky finally left, Carolyn Craven put on her nightgown and woke Gabriel. Stinky had cut her telephone wires. She ran screaming out into the night, and at the first house she went to, no one was home.

The second house had no phone.

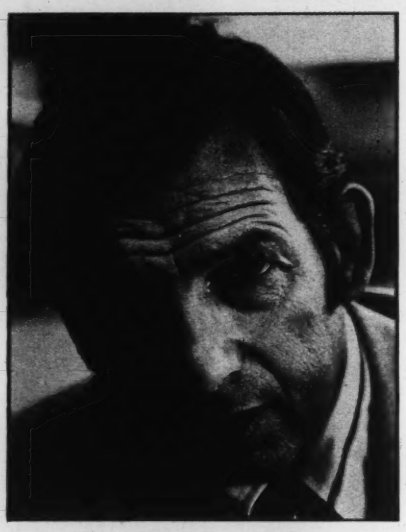
At the third, the people refused to open the door or to let her in.

At the fourth house, the people let her in, but told her not to use one phone because it was for business. They led her to another phone, and she called the police.

The first policeman to arrive was a tall, hefty man. He got out of his car, ran toward Carolyn and, handing Gabriel to another officer who was following, wrapped the woman in his arms. He pressed her head against his neck and said, "It's all right. It's over."

During the rape Carolyn had concentrated on taking mental notes. "Being a reporter," she told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "it was thinking about that that allowed me to keep some sanity. I knew if I survived I was going to talk about it publicly."

She did, on national radio and television, and she got hundreds of letters in response. At least half were from men. All the writers invariably said they had never understood before what rape was about. "I'm ashamed to say," one local man wrote, "that Stinky was always viewed by many, myself included, as some sort of 'Phantom Hero' because of his ability to outfox the police. The reality of it all dawned on me," he said, "as I watched you."



Lt. Smithson: Stinky's nemesis

Like a lot of people who wrote, he said he was "surprised" to learn about the status of the rape laws here. Under California law, Stinky would receive the same sentence for cutting Carolyn's finger as for raping her. Both assault with intent to commit bodily harm and rape—which is rarely considered a so-called violent crime anywhere in the United States, but instead a sex crime, like exhibitionism—carry three-to-five-year sentences.

Stinky's attack on such a well-known local person as Carolyn Craven was the final straw in Berkeley. It was like the dam breaking. There were daily stories in the local newspapers. Carolyn started to work on the investigation informally with Inspector Oliver and the rest of the squad. The City Council had emergency meetings with police and community representatives. People talked as if the town were under seige.

"It's everybody's ultimate horror fantasy of the monster coming to get you. It's the worst fear come true"

Lt. Smithson told reporters he couldn't imagine Stinky would strike again because of all the commotion. Brian Oliver said publicly the police would need "a lot of luck" to catch the rapist, and the new police chief, Odell Sylvester, clamped down the gag order. Smithson began calling reporters to ask where they were getting their information. Oliver was watched carefully because he was known to have close friends in the media and because, Smithson admitted, at least one of his telephone conversations with a reporter had been surreptitiously "overheard" by another officer. The City Council authorized use of police dogs and helicopters and set aside another $113,000 for five months more overtime. In the meantime, local citizen patrols kept watch around the clock. There was even talk of people arming themselves. And every night undercover cops walked the streets from 8 p.m. til dawn.

Identified by numbers, they prowled the night whispering into walkie-talkies hidden in their shirts. They talked over channel 2 on the police scanner radio. "Have any sus noises, one-one-four?" Number three-six would ask. ("Sus" being police jargon for suspicious.)

"No, three-six, all quiet."

"What about you, seven-four?"

"Nothing now. There was a sus auto parked for 15 minutes."

"What happened?"

"Couldn't make out who was inside. A woman got out. I asked if she was all right. She said she'd spotted me and was afraid I was the responsible." The code word for Stinky.

"What'd you tell her, seven-four?"

"I said I wasn't."

On the police scanner channel the Stinky rape case was referred to as the "261 Series," and there was nothing new in the 261 Series until Thursday, February 16, 1978. That afternoon a middle-aged woman arrived at Police Headquarters and went up to the Rape Task Force office on the third floor.

Carolyn Craven was there, working with Brian Oliver and his chief assistant, Officer Michael Davis.

The woman stayed most of the afternoon talking about a man she used to know. She had lived with him, and she told them, as she has since told others, about his work, his past, his anger and his unusual dealings with women.

This information led to the police's first real suspect. The Task Force abandoned all other chores to concentrate on him. For one chaotic period in February and March the department thought it had Stinky.

A good part of the town thought so too. This is Berkeley, after all, where the minute one person hears something he tells five others. And in this case, the police told the City Council, the Police Review Board and members of various community groups, and they in turn told everybody else. Before long the original story not only spread, it grew.

It was a fantastical tale of camaraderie between the official and the criminal, between Inspector Brian Oliver, head of the Task Force, and the alleged rapist. The rumor, in a town that delights in tales of conspiracy, circulated widely,

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

and for a while even some members of the Police Department wondered if it was true. The woman told the police that the man she knew was a friend of Oliver's, and she claimed he wasn't investigating her tip vigorously enough. Smithson himself wondered if this could be true, and the department, in the throes of frustration and paranoia, assigned him to investigate Oliver. Oliver, one of the most respected men in the department with an excellent reputation in law enforcement circles around the Bay Area, had to wait it out. In the end, Smithson said, Oliver was completely exonerated.

Within a month the case was back to normal—that is, with nothing new on the 261 series.

It's spring again in Berkeley now and the months are passing. There is still no arrest, and political infighting has transformed Stinky into something like zoning or water rates. He is a public issue.

"It's turned into a matter of politics and games," one city official said, echoing the general misgivings. "Everyone's playing his own side." Some people say the police just want to use this issue to get more money. Others are using it to show the police are incompetent; others to show the City Council is incompetent. The word is that some politicians are even getting ready to use it as the campaign issue in the next election.

The neighborhood patrols still keep watch, and every night undercover cops walk the streets. Members of the Rape Squad have come and gone. Some have been reassigned back to patrol, others brought on board, and Oliver has moved on to the auto theft detail. There is still nothing new on the 261 Series, and Stinky is nowhere in sight. Instead there are warning posters about him. Some are yellow, some are blue. Some ask for a $1 contribution from every resident of Berkeley to add to the current $15,000 reward. Others give the vague description of the suspect. They hint of danger and terror and talk about the use of locks.

They are everywhere, in restaurants and bars, in fitting rooms and on telephone poles. There is probably one in every store in Berkeley, but there is still no Stinky.

Summer is coming and he has not been heard from since the night of January 14. It was cold then, raining hard, and he came out of the garden for the last known time to date.

The rumors are starting again. People say he has attacked one, two, three times even, but police are afraid to say so. Most people, though, say he has probably moved on or that he is just waiting.

"He's out there somewhere," Carolyn Craven said. "He'll attack again. He has to. Maybe it'll be here or maybe he'll move away, but he has to do it again." ●

Alive with pleasure!
Newport
Newport
After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?
Newport
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

DEMONS, PHANTOMS AND EXORCISTS

A Place for Noah
by Josh Greenfeld.
Holt, Rhinehart and Winston
(310 pp., $10.).
The Psychological Society
by Martin L. Gross.
Random House
(369 pp., $10.95).

Best concede my bias: I adhere to the axiom developed about six hundred years ago by William of Occam. This is called Occam's razor, or the principle of parsimony, and it holds that whatever can be decided with fewer assumptions is decided "in vain with more." Its fundamental economy of method and purpose has valuable applications to science as well as logic, guiding the investigator by the most direct—commonsensical—route to the solution of a problem.

Thus, if one awakens to find the world outside dark and both hands of the clock at 12, there is an orderly progression of possibilities. First: it is midnight rather than noon. Then: the clock is in error. Then: the sun is in eclipse. Finally: the sun has gone its own way.

The common practice in what Martin L. Gross calls the Psychological Society is at the antipodes from the principle of parsimony, and is indeed a principle of complication. Are you anxious? Are you sad? Are you listless? Does your head ache? By Occam's razor you would look first to proximate causes: you are anxious because you are about to be challenged by a novel situation. You are sad because rain is falling for the third consecutive day. You are listless because your job obliges you to repeat some dull task, and there seems no end to it. Your head aches for physiological reasons.

Common sense suggests that anxiety and depression, connected to provocations, are normal states of mind. Albert Ellis is quoted by Gross in this devastating indictment of the mental health industry: "Failure is not good, it is even a pain in the ass, but it is not horrible. Being sad or disappointed is a rational reaction to failure... I find that increasingly in our society much of what we call emotional disturbance is *whining*. People have low frustration tolerance and think that... everything including competence in work, love and sex should be easy."

Psychoanalysis proposes the grail of cure. Through a process of convolution, indirect and costly, anxiety can be disarmed. It posits a state of blamelessness, encouraging the analysand to forgo responsibility for his acts and to look back, way back, for the cause of his symptoms. Freud and his heirs suggest that conflicts of infant sexuality are the bases for adult neuroses. If this seems an indirect, even excessively metaphorical, approach to a problem, it is even further complicated by the fact that few adults are much preoccupied by their infant sexuality. Which is why psychoanalysis customarily requires four sessions a week, and five years, at a cost of about sixty thousand dollars. It is no simple process to undo the complicated putative cause—infantile amnesia—of an analysand's failure to recollect with fit misery the crucial character of private parts.

Gross is surely correct that the Psychological Society is "Western man's disguise for a new spirituality." There is the established church of Freudian analysis (in one study of 283 psychotherapists, 60 percent called themselves Freudians), and scores of heretical mystery cures and miracle faiths. Their common cry is that "it's all in your head" and that what is in there isn't your fault.

If the believers are credulous, the priests, "offering us the *hidden truth* behind virtually every act of our waking hours," display a self-certitude past imagining. The managers of the mental health industry will tell anyone anything, will formulate replies to questions no one ever thought to ask. Perhaps you'd like to know why people shudder as they watch *Jaws* (they identify with the shark), or why your cousin drove off a bridge (he displayed symptoms of psychosomatic death).

The new seers don't need even to see at close hand what they will confidently plumb. Gross quotes Lloyd deMause, chairman of the International Psychohistory Association, in his published analysis of our President: "Our conclusion is that Jimmy Carter—for reasons rooted in his own personality and in the powerful emotional demands of American fantasy—is very likely to lead us into a new war by 1979." According to Gross, this judgment was helped along by the psychohistorian's judgment that Lillian Carter was an "unloving mother who penalized her son's psyche."

The mental health industry's unscientific reliance on small samples from which it extrapolates huge generalizations is notorious. That it creates its own customers, fabricating a notion of attainable (and desirable) "normality" from which every preanalysis analysand in some crucial way departs, is not news. But the finding that people on a waiting list to receive psychotherapy did as well as people receiving psychotherapy is Gross' special contribution to William of Occam's disciples. There is something called "*spontaneous remission, the tendency of most emotional nonpsychotic complaints to improve without treatment.*"

Now, the fact that wait-listers did as well as patients is itself based on a study of only 150 people, and it is true that Gross is himself content to bring very small numbers to bear against the mental health industry. (It is also true that he has the maddening habit, especially in the first third of his book, *of underlining everything, single words and entire sentences*, that he thinks is *important*.) But he is a friend of reason.

His greatest guns are turned against psychoanalysts, and their rituals. He takes comfort from the words of Dr. Arthur Shapiro, a professor of clinical psychiatry at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York. Dr. Shapiro is a skeptic on the matter of analysis. He points out that "many patients today are more educated, cultured, intelligent, informed, accomplished and successful than their treating psychoanalyst... such patients would not pay sixty dollars an hour for simple reassurance and support. Nor would they pay such a fee perhaps four times a week for a magical ritual based on primitive shamanism."

Then what are they paying for? The answer seems to be an alternative to the rigorous simplicity of Occam's razor, "a seemingly complex, intellectually convoluted system. But in actuality, it is a disguise for... the simple placebo effect. Just as bloodletting was perhaps the massive placebo technique of the past, so psychoanalysis—and its dozens of psychotherapy offshoots—is the most used placebo of our time. It is an expensive placebo, ranking with the unicorn, which was an ancient placebo reserved for the wealthy, the nobility, and even the Pope. But psychoanalysis probably does no worse than any his-

toric placebo—some patients improve, some patients do not, and still others deteriorate."

Which is the way of the world, no?

But blind faith can harm, terribly. You can die of many organic illnesses (see one inventory on page 91 of *The Psychological Society*: 31 dead "neurotics" willing to believe their maladies were in their heads) from blind faith. Perhaps worst of all, its suppositions pit one generation against another. Arthur Janov's Primal Scream therapy is merely a high evolution of classical Freudianism in its assumption (in Janov's words) that "we are born nothing but ourselves. We are not born neurotic or psychotic. We're just born." Mothers and fathers then deface this benign *tabula rasa*.

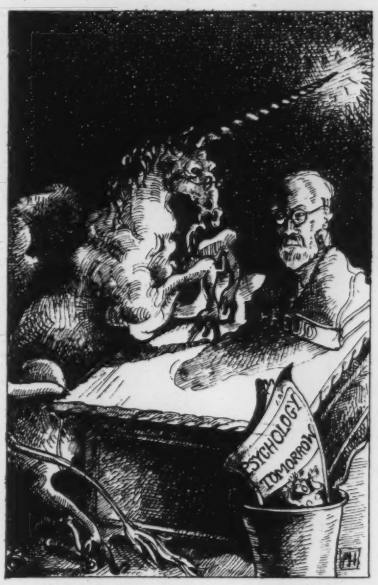
There is a condition called autism in which a child fails to develop emotionally, exists in a private world usually barred to everyone. Bruno Bettelheim, a University of Chicago psychologist and the author of an extremely influential study of autism, *The Empty Fortress*, has written that "the autistic condition in a child is directly consequent to the wish of the mother that the child did not exist." Thus a child's autism is like a wound, the symptom of a psychological crime, and "refrigerator" parents burdened with an emotionally crippled child may, if they take Bettelheim at his word, add to their woes the freight of guilt.

A Place for Noah is about such a child, a journal kept by the child's father, Josh Greenfeld, who feels awful pain and anger, who sometimes feels guilt, who knows from close up that Dr. Bruno Bettelheim is full of shit. This book, running from July 1971 to the beginning of 1977, is the sequel to *A Child Called Noah*, about the boy's first five years; the previous book held out some marginal hope of cure, or improvement, but no such hope remains. The boy cannot talk as well as he could years ago; he soils himself, throws tantrums, chews rugs.

Greenfeld no longer calls his son "autistic" because he believes the word, like psychoanalytic jargon, is an evasion. He now thinks of him simply as brain-damaged, and the best and most rational view of what the mental health industry calls autism is in fact just that, that it is an organic malady.

"I have become completely disappointed—or disenchanted—with both orthodox medicine and public education. I have discovered that those areas which are of life and death concern to me are often treated by their practitioners as merely self-promoting hypes and hustles." Every inch gained with Noah is almost inevitably lost, yet Greenfeld and his Japanese wife, Foumi, and their bright, *normal* (whatever that may mean, and in the context of life with Noah I guess it does mean something) son, Karl, continue to labor to inch ahead. Foumi is a painter, and her husband is a novelist and screenwriter (*Harry and Tonto*), and their lives have been utterly undone by the bad luck of having such a son as Noah.

So it is not difficult to understand Greenfeld's rages: "I'm furious with Noah's teacher. I watched as she encouraged him to knock over his blocks so as to 'express himself aggressively.' What bullshit! And after all the hard



work Foumi and Roberta put in getting Noah to build with blocks." One night Greenfeld found himself with a psychologist, visiting the home of the parents of another autistic child. The psychologist "spoke of autistic children being the wave of the future, 'angel children,' and other such Arthur Clarke sci-fi and R.D. Laing psy-fi sort of drivel. What people will do to hold on to a literary theory of the brain!"

And here's the reality: Noah "has even ceased to be lovely to me. I look into his face and I only see trouble... Noah palls everything, destroys my every idea." He wishes Noah would die, or rather knows that his death would make life simpler, and probably better. A constant preoccupation of the Greenfelds' days is whether or not to institutionalize their son, and when. They look at places for Noah, and none of them seems possible. They consider his rights: "A child should not have to leave home just because his continued presence makes his parents tired and unhappy."

Some days love is possible, and hope; and for a moment it seems bearable: "For the first time I have been considering keeping Noah with us until we get old, until the end of our natural lives." But this entry is followed by others in the journal: "The best solution in terms of my problem would be to kill Noah... If I were to snuff him out in the open with a shotgun I could get as much as fifteen years. I can't see ending my life in jail. I can't see ending my life, period. I know that before I would kill myself, I would kill Noah."

That entry is dated eight weeks before this published journal ends, and is followed by the sharp pain of love for the boy, a man's love for his pet rather than for his son. And this entry is followed by another: "I thought continually that soon I will have to kill Noah." And another: "... I really do feel a hatred from him these days. I see it in his eyes. But I don't care if I am hated by a monster. I am beginning to hate him."

In the face of such suffering, the casuistry of the mental health industry is less whimsical than it is monstrous. To suggest that Noah suffers not from brain dysfunction but from an emotional disorder is wrong, wrong in fact and morally wrong. To demand of the Greenfelds that they undergo counseling if their child is to enjoy the fruits of public education and help is wrong, "abhorrent" in Greenfeld's words. "It places the burden of responsibility—read, the assignation of guilt—back upon the parents." Where, of course, Freud wished it placed.

I am encouraged by a tribe of books recently or currently blowing the whistle on the serial mischief done by the bureaucrats of the Psychological Society. I have reviewed Carl Schneider's *Shame, Exposure and Privacy* in these pages, and much appreciate its hostility to what Schneider has called "the rape of the psyche" by analysis. Many other books are at hand to persuade the rational that psychiatry is less a healing art than an exercise in the taxonomy of metaphors, more interested in diagnostic novelty than in relief. I commend also Thomas Szasz's *The Myth of Psychotherapy* (recently published by Doubleday) and his previous *Myth of Mental Illness*, which without hesitation calls the methods of the mental health industry irrational and devious. *The Myth of Mental Illness*, begun 20 years ago, had as its initial aim the wish to demonstrate that "mental illness was fake or metaphorical illness and that psychiatry was fake or metaphorical medicine."

Szaz does not of course mean to suggest—as R.D. Laing and his followers have suggested—that there is no such thing as insanity, as disturbed behavior. The existence of the world's Noahs testifies to the tricks played upon the body. Faith healing will not mend the truly sick, or so I believe. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY PHYLLIS HERFIELD

Television/by Richard M. Levine

THE PINK COBRA

At first glance Lin Bolen doesn't look a bit like the Faye Dunaway character in *Network*. She looks like Eloise at Bendel's—a fashionably tailored, stick-figure waif with large green eyes under reddish-brown bangs. One wants to hand her a lollipop and lead her off to Security. This is only surprising because Lin Bolen *is*, in fact, the Faye Dunaway character in *Network*—or at least the live model Paddy Chayevsky used to paint his video version of the bitch goddess of success. At the time, Bolen was NBC's vice-president for daytime programming, the most powerful female executive in television. She had gained a reputation for bringing NBC's daytime schedule from third to first place, and for bringing proud men low in the process. Sharp-tongued and occasionally venomous, Bolen was the pink cobra in the network jungle.

These days Lin Bolen is living the good life of a big-time Hollywood producer, with a house overlooking the beach in Malibu, the obligatory Mercedes and a toy poodle named Alfie. I knew it was the good life when she told me that on Easter Sunday her masseur came over with an Easter basket for her dog and the two of them stood around watching Alfie pick jelly beans out of it. That's a long way from the small coal mining town in Illinois where Bolen grew up, as she frequently points out.

When I first met Lin Bolen she was seated in a director's chair on a Twentieth Century-Fox soundstage overseeing the filming of *W.E.B.*, an hour-and-a-half pilot for a proposed NBC series that is, in effect, Lin Bolen's answer to *Network*. Lin Bolen's version of the Lin Bolen Story is a kind of updated Perils of Pauline set in a fictionalized fourth television network called TAB, for Trans American Broadcasting. It revolves around the adventures of a young, fast-rising, beautiful, smart, tough but vulnerable program executive renamed Ellen Cunningham, as she wrestles with conflicting love and career demands—not to mention her network colleagues. It is good soap opera. The pilot script, which was nicely crafted by veteran television scriptwriter David Karp, concerns the making of a 30-hour TV special, "Our America," which has been produced by a young playwright who happens to be Ellen's boyfriend. His original version is much too revisionist a history of this country to suit TAB president Harry Brooks ("Burning witches," he complains, "but not one mention of Thanksgiving"), and Ellen volunteers to remake it for mass appeal, which she manages to do under incredible time pressure, much to the delight of everyone at the network and the disgust of her young playwright, who promptly walks out of her life. It is called "The Girl Who Saved Our America."

At the moment they are shooting the final scene of the pilot, in which Harry Brooks tells Ellen that she is going to be a "very, very important someone in this world." Bolen tells me that it is similar to an encounter she once had with Herb Schlosser, president of NBC, when she was a "little pisher" in the programming department. The film is full of the facts—even the artifacts—of her life. At one point the Lin/Ellen character tells a TAB executive: "Don't call me kid. I'm 29 years old. I've been in television almost ten years. I've done film documentaries, specials, game shows and for the past year I've run daytime programming for the network and for the first time in 18 years the network is in first position in daytime programming." Bolen auditioned over 200 actresses to find just the right "tough but vulnerable" quality she sees in herself. Her real-life secretary, a lovely black woman appropriately named Lynnette, plays a secretary in the pilot. Even the clothes Ellen wears come out of Lin Bolen's closet. And when she saw that the set designer had made Ellen's apartment too posh for her age and position, Bolen did it over to resemble her old apartment, even using pictures of her family on the mantelpiece.

That same day they film an earlier scene in the script, in which Harry Brooks tells his top management team exactly what he thinks of "Our America" at a hastily called late-night meeting in TAB's executive dining room. In attendance besides Brooks are Harvey Pearlstein, TAB's chief of research (bald and "lumpy" looking); Dan Costello, Irish and hard-drinking (as you might be too if you had a "gut which is always on fire"), who heads the network's sales department; and the arch-villain of the piece, "handsome and cold-looking" Jack Kiley, the programming chief. (To show you just how cold a guy Kiley is, in the previous scene he drives into town in his Mercedes 450 SEL while his girlfriend "strokes the inside of his thigh as he talks on the phone.") The actors have all been effectively typecast by Bolen, who has also reproduced the expensive tufted-leather, Duncan Phyfe look of an executive dining room down to the smallest detail. Between takes she jumps up from her chair to remove a thread she has spotted on Jack Kiley's suit. Lin Bolen is a perfectionist of schlock.

Even seated, Bolen is in perpetual motion, swiping at her bangs, flicking ashes from her extralong cigarettes, playing with her Queeg-things, the rings she wears several to a finger on both hands. (It's this nervous energy that Faye Dunaway captured so well in *Network*, but Bolen is much more likable than the Dunaway character, her energy infectious rather than simply neurotic.) When the take is over she jumps up again and stands with her hands on her knees calling out encouragement like a third base coach. With the first words out of her mouth, improbably high-pitched and nasal, she no longer seems like Eloise at Bendel's. More like Eloise at a Tijuana donkey show. "OK, boys, let's see some low-down network politics. Harvey, I love that big shit-eating grin. *Fab*ulous, baby. You've got that cocksucker Kiley just where you want him—by the *nuts*."

As they start filming the next take Bolen whispers "back story" in my ear: "I know everything about the lives of these network characters. Everything. Harry Brooks was born dirt poor but he married into Philadelphia Main Line money. He's Jewish but he changed his name. He's no intellectual but he appreciates brains—that's why he has Harvey Pearlstein around. But Harvey will never rise any higher because of the way he looks. Brooks is insecure about his background, so he surrounds himself with Ivy League types like Costello and Kiley. He needs Kiley to do his dirty work, just as he needs Harvey to. . ."

Suddenly she jumps off the director's chair and slaps her palm against her forehead. "Oh my God, we blew it! I'm so up to my tushee in other things. . . I meant to have Harvey wear his Phi Beta Kappa key for the

scene. Can't you hear Harvey's wife, Yetta, telling him at home, 'Ha-vey, make sure to wear your key today. Let 'em know how smart you are, Ha-vey, make sure to wear your key today. Let 'em know how smart you are, Ha-vey. If you've got it, Ha-vey, wear it.'"

Lin Bolen's back story begins with a girlhood in Benton, Illinois, where her father was a UMW organizer and her grandfather was a coal mine owner. Overachievement for a young girl in Benton meant practicing baton twirling five hours a day, as Lin Bolen did, eventually winning a national baton twirling contest. She attended Miss Hickey's finishing school in St. Louis (happily, not much rubbed off) before heading for New York with $500 in her pocket, some of which she spent upon arrival riding up and down Fifth Avenue in a taxi. She worked for a number of years in advertising and then left for Hollywood to try to sell TV programs. Eventually she landed a low-level administrative job at NBC, asked to be allowed to work on a flagging show called *McMillan and Wife*, improved its rating dramatically and, six months after she arrived, talked her way into the job of daytime programming director by arguing that she could identify with the daytime audience because she was a) a woman and b) "came from the people you people fly over."

When she took over the job, NBC's game shows were time-worn affairs featuring, as she puts it, "semi-celebrities pushing buzzers." She made them into gimmicky happenings by upping the prize money, designing sets that looked like hyperthyroid pinball machines and recruiting sexier hosts ("my studs") to turn on her audience ("my ladies")—a style that soon became known as the "Lin Bolen look." She also expanded NBC's afternoon soaps from a half-hour to an hour. It all worked largely because Bolen, like the best television programmers, not only knew her audience, she *was* her audience. (She still watches game shows and soaps when she gets the time.) It also worked because she knew how to publicize herself and the shows she refers to as "my babies." (Bolen's scrapbook contains not just every article ever written about her but also identical versions of syndicated features.) As an executive, she developed a reputation for making quick decisions and otherwise using her feminine wiles to best advantage, whether that meant wearing the briefest of bikinis during off-hours at board of affiliate meetings in Puerto Rico or, as one NBC executive delicately put it, no "undies" at work. She could also be delightfully outrageous. Once, after taking her lumps for weeks because she lost a successful game show to CBS, she waited until it was her turn to speak at a crucial network scheduling meeting that happened to be attended by NBC chairman Julian Goodman, walked behind the large magnetized programming board and came out wearing a T-shirt that read, in large letters, MATCH GAME SUCKS.

Now that Bolen is selling TV programs instead of buying them, it helps her to "know where all the skeletons are." One day in the middle of filming *W.E.B.* she left the set for a meeting at NBC's Burbank headquarters to discuss the first four scripts of the proposed series, which the network had already commissioned. She had steered the pilot script past the NBC censors, who objected to the word "nigger" but left in "kike" and "mick." But this was a more important meeting, since it concerned the network's approval of several future script ideas, including "The Great Clowns," in which Ellen comes into conflict with a rapacious character named Faye Dunham who tries to do her in, and "Seeds," about Ellen's run-in with black pressure groups over a controversial show she is producing. The meeting at NBC took place in the office of Dick Lindheim, NBC's vice-president of dramatic programs, who is, judging from the model trains scattered about, a railroad buff. Also present were Patrick Betz, a rotund, genial Irishman who is in charge of ongoing dramatic series, and Peter Andrews, a young black executive concerned with dramatic development.

"I've seen your rushes," said Betz, greeting Bolen in the office. "There's a lot of energy in them."

Lin started running in place. "I give you guys production values. You can't accuse me of standing in a corner doing two-shots."

"I'd like to talk philosophically," Lindheim said, "so we know we're all on the same wave length. The network people are all heavies. . ."

"They are all carefully motivated," Bolen interrupted defensively. "Walter Mathews [TAB's chief of operations] has ten kids and a wife who goes to mass every morning. He can't afford to lose his job."

"They all chew people up and spit them out for breakfast," Lindheim insisted. "Our bridge from this crazy world of television to the audience is a little girl from the Midwest we can all root for against these bastards. We need to develop younger characters to give her people to relate to."

"I like the Kevin concept," Bolen said. "The idea that Ellen has a younger co-worker who has a thing for her. It gives us a little sexual tension that at some point we can blow up into an episode."

"I want an emotional crisis every week," Peter Andrews said.

"We're doing a series about the television world," Bolen said, "but it's also about real human beings, people loving, hating, being hurt. . ."

"One nice thing about the show," Lindheim said, "is that it lends itself to cameos."

"Who can we use as the famous comedian in 'The Great Clowns?'" Betz wanted to know.

"How did Miltie do," Bolen asked, referring to a recent Milton Berle special on NBC.

Producer Lin Bolen: Caught in a W.E.B. of her own doing

Lindheim shook his head negatively. "Anyway, I don't think Milton or Gleason would do it. The bottom line is an actor wants to know his character is sympathetic."

"The bottom line," Bolen said, "is that everyone can be bought if it's a good script and you guys just give me the money. What do you think about 'Seeds'?"

"Can I make a suggestion?" Lindheim said. "We shouldn't do it in the first four weeks of the season against new competition. After four weeks the audience is locked in and we can do it somewhere in the first 13. First we need an internal story to build sympathy for the characters."

"SUBSCRIBE TO VEGETARIAN TIMES. DON'T EAT BEANS WITHOUT IT!"
—Supercop

Imagine! You've planned a dinner of lentils, garbanzo beans and cabbage. So, you go to the kitchen and reach for your cookbook. It's gone. You don't know how, or where or when you lost it, but it's not there.

Frantically, you reach for the beans and wonder what to do with them. Your guests will be arriving in a matter of hours, ravenously hungry and expecting to eat.

A ruined meal? Not if you had been getting **Vegetarian Times.** Our recipe section would have provided helpful cooking hints. Our news section would have made you witty and charming. Issue after issue you can turn to our pages 24 hours a day, 365 days a year for recipes, news, nutritional information, and a bit of humor.

Insist on **Vegetarian Times.** Don't eat beans without it.

Subscribe to VEGETARIAN TIMES—we'll feed your mind. Published bi-monthly.

Dept 5158 101 Park Avenue, Suite 1838, New York, NY 10017 (212) 689-5111

☐ 1 year (6 issues) $9.00
☐ 2 years (12 issues) $17.00
☐ 3 years (18 issues) $21.00

Canada & other countries add $2.00 per year
☐ Check enclosed
☐ Bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New Times Subscriber Service

Address Change: Please attach the label for your old address here and write in your new address below.

Inquiries & complaints: We can serve you better and faster if you will enclose your label with all correspondence

Mail this whole form to:
New Times
P.O. Box 2474
Boulder, Colorado
80322

Note: Your present subscription will end with the issue noted in the upper right corner of your mailing label

Entering a new subscription?: Check the box and fill in your name and address below. (To order gift subscriptions please attach a separate sheet).

Renewing?: Check the box below and make sure your mailing address is correct. There is an additional charge of $2.00 per year to cover postage and handling of issues to Canada.

Please send New Times for 1 year, $13.00
☐ New subscription ☐ renewal
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Name (please print)

Address

City State/Province Zip/Postcode

They call us THE PROFESSIONALS

...EVEN if we are a messenger delivery service.

MISTER MESSENGER, INC. is our name. 532-0800 is our telephone number.

We take a common sense approach to our business. Clean, sharp signatures on all deliveries. Neatly dressed, courteous and efficient messengers, as well as Truck Delivery Men for heavier than hand carryable packages. Paid hourly whether they sit or are out running. This is why we can offer WITHIN THE HOUR DELIVERIES. Fair rates.

Secretaries, mail room personnel, corporation presidents — all receive the very same respect and courtesy. We work with dignity and ease and an honest sense of responsibility.

We open at 8 AM; we close when our last delivery has been made THAT SAME DAY.

THINKING . . . yesterday and today . . . for TOMORROW! Maybe that is why our clients call us THE PROFESSIONALS.

Join THE PROFESSIONALS.

Mister Messenger, Inc.

(212) 532-0800

downtown
midtown
uptown
all around the town
and even out-of-town

"What about the Harvey Pearlstein story?" Bolen suggested.

"Harvey and Yetta are breaking up," Lindheim said, looking up at the ceiling and thinking aloud. "Yetta throws him out because she thinks he's having an affair."

"Harvey!" Bolen said excitedly. "That's perfect! The only one who doesn't cheat. . ."

"She caught him in the office in a compromising position," Andrews continued, picking up the beat. "She calls Ellen. . ."

On the way downstairs Lin told me: "That was pretty smooth. Sometimes when I give 'em an idea and they don't like it I say, 'Screw you, boys, I'll take it to ABC and get a 50 share.'"

It is Lin Bolen's birthday, her 37th, not an especially difficult one to get through. ("Thirty-five was tough," she said, "because I moved out of the 18–34 age group. Now I don't have to worry until 49.") The cast party has been postponed for several hours because an elaborate cake that was ordered—featuring Lin in a pink frosting shirt, turquoise pants and brown boots—was severely damaged in a car accident on the way from the bakery to the studio. (In Hollywood it is never said that something is *just* icing on the cake.) When it finally arrives the cast gathers around to sing "Happy Birthday" to Lin and to present her with a caricature everyone has signed that shows her as a lion tamer holding a chair and a whip, on the tip of which the artist has drawn two x's. "Oh, look," Lin says, "those x's must be kisses." "Or barbed wires," someone mumbles out of her hearing.

Afterwards, a much smaller group gathers in Lin's office to toast her with warm champagne. It includes a film director who arrives from "the beach" in tennis shorts and a kind of ascot, as well as an old friend of Lin's who sells Shaklee products and talks fluent psychobabble. ("You have such beautiful legs," she says to the director. "Are you experiencing them?") It has been the last day of filming for Lin's secretary, Lynnette, and everyone is ribbing her about what a big star she has become and how there's probably a mob clamoring for her autograph out by the studio gates and from now on she'd better wear dark glasses, etc.

"Maybe they won't want her autograph after all," a spoilsport suggests.

Lin Bolen seems nonplussed for a moment. "Even if they don't want your autograph," she finally says to Lynnette, "you give it to them anyway." ●

Richard M. Levine is spending a year researching network television on an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowship.

Music/by Merrill Shindler

BLAHS AGAINST THE EMPIRE

A decade ago, the cultural landscape was virtually littered with San Francisco bands, most of which had only two things in common: Their names ran in a peculiarly arcane vein (Indian Pudding and Pipe, Martha's Laundry), and few of them would see the seventies intact or, indeed, at all.

Today, the survivors can be counted on four fingers. The Grateful Dead has gone the corporate route; Steve Miller's up in Oregon; Boz Scaggs is in Hollywood; and the Jefferson Airplane . . .

Well, the Airplane's turned into a Starship. Through some tough alchemy, the group has transformed those old Airplane parts into gold. And after four albums as the Starship (*Dragon Fly, Red Octopus, Spitfire* and their latest, *Earth*), the band has successfully turned away from the lumpen politics and the good boogie rock of the Airplane toward a high-profit flight pattern reminiscent of Peter Frampton or Fleetwood Mac.

Of the original Airplane, only rhythm guitarist Paul Kantner and vocalists Grace Slick and Marty Balin remain. Balin is reclusive and eccentric, but Kantner and Slick are as close to leaders as the amorphous, chaotic Starship will allow. Though the seven members of the Starship are ruggedly individualistic, the beat is Kantner and Slick's, and the band marches to it gladly.

Paul Kantner, dressed in a black body shirt, unfaded Levi's and black "kung fu" shoes, sits in an overheated, noisy room on the second floor of the Starship's black, Greek-revival, pre-earthquake headquarters across the street from Golden Gate Park. It's two days before his 36th birthday, although he, like Balin, 35, and Slick, 34, appears to have aged in something of a blissful state of grace. Kantner's skin is smooth, his eyes clear and piercing, his hair intact and his body lean from years of martial arts. He alternately chain smokes joints and cigarettes, apparently unaffected by either.

Kantner is joined after a while by Craig Chaquico, lead guitarist (Chaquico at 23 has been with the Starship for five years), who was recently busted in suburban Mill Valley for tooling down the main street on a motorized skateboard. Chaquico is in a minor panic over reports that paraquat, an herbicide that can cause irreversible lung damage, is being sprayed on Mexican marijuana with the blessings of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration.

Grace Slick: When she grows up, she wants to be a psychologist

While Chaquico has an attack of the paraquat heebie-jeebies, I ask Kantner, who was the driving political force in the Airplane and continues to be so for the more commercially oriented Starship, what the paraquat program means to a band that a decade ago exhorted us to "feed our heads?"

"You shouldn't stop smoking dope," he says. "You should do bad things to the people who are poisoning your dope. If you don't buy an entire market, like Israeli oranges, you're succumbing to what they're trying to do, succumbing to their manipulation."

What Kantner is getting at is one of the few political themes left to the Starship in the seventies: The sixties were an age of clearly defined good and evil; the seventies are an age of deception, a time when you don't know who's doing what to you or when or how. You just know you're being done. It's the theme of the only political song on *Earth*, "Show Yourself": "Show yourself/Show yourself to me/ Are you RCA/Are you Standard Oil/ Are you A.T.&T./I want to see . . . "

I tell Kantner I don't understand the seventies. "That's the nature of the seventies," he says. "The seventies are teaching us that there are a lot of people running our lives who we have no idea of, either who they are, where they are, what they're involved with. We had no idea of that in the sixties; we thought there were a few bad guys and a few good guys. Then we found out that the bad guys were being run by other guys, and they were probably being run by *other* guys. And we have no idea of how to deal with them. The knowledge of that sort of thing can cause national hysteria."

Another Starship theme is the dues that are being paid in the seventies for their life in the sixties. The specter of Matthew Katz, manager of the Airplane before the band's first hits, has tied up millions of dollars in royalties for the past 12 years while Katz dragged the case through the courts demanding what he considers his due. And there are the strange ghosts who materialize every now and again, leftovers from bad acid trips and arrested growth, lighting fires in the front yard or coming to the door and just staring, then drifting away.

"There are so many characters," says Kantner. "Some of them just build little campfires on our doorstep—perhaps they think it will make us sing a song. I consider Katz and those people what most musicians call dues. We didn't have that many dues to pay, we didn't have to live in a garret and play saxophone in the street, constantly groveling for our art. We've got a lot of past dues to pay. I don't question it, it just is."

Kantner seems eager to change the subject, so I ask him if Chaquico serves partly as the token kid, a come-hither to the youth of America who might not want to boogie to a band lurching toward middle age. "I don't see why I should be trusted over 30, since I was never trusted under 30," says Kantner. "Nobody in this group has ever grown up, we're all kids. I'm waiting for it to happen, but it never does. It's like *Slaughterhouse-Five*'s 'chrono-synclastic infundibulum'—I just keep popping in and out of time . . . "

"'Popping in and out,' I like *that*." Grace Slick roars with laughter at Kantner's double entendre. Slick is the mother of Kantner's daughter, China, and sitting below deck with me aboard

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER RESSMEYER

THE RUNNER IS COMING

Catch-up with **The Runner**, the country's newest sport magazine. It's not just about running, but a way of life.

☐ Yes. I want to subscribe to **The Runner** for one year (12 issues) for $12.00; a 33% savings off the regular subscription rate.

Premiere issue September 1978. We'll bill you later.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

No-risk guarantee: if **The Runner** isn't everything you expect, you can cancel your subscription at any time and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Additional postage: Canadian residents add $2.00. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00

New Times 4A27

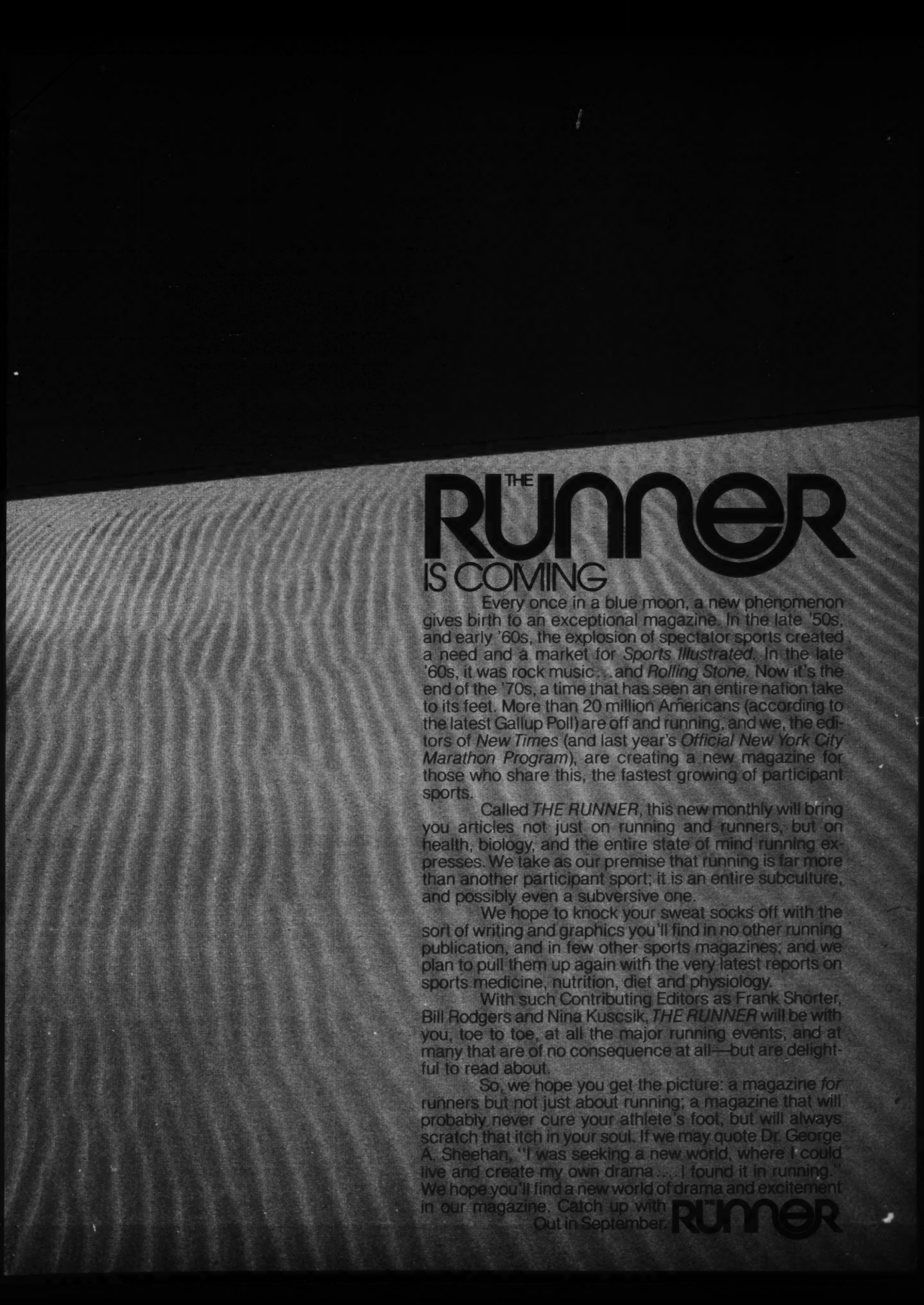
FIRST CLASS
PAID
Permit No. 4081
New York, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage Will Be Paid By:

NewTimes
ONE PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016


THE RUNNER
IS COMING
Every once in a blue moon, a new phenomenon gives birth to an exceptional magazine. In the late '50s, and early '60s, the explosion of spectator sports created a need and a market for *Sports Illustrated*. In the late '60s, it was rock music . . . and *Rolling Stone*. Now it's the end of the '70s, a time that has seen an entire nation take to its feet. More than 20 million Americans (according to the latest Gallup Poll) are off and running, and we, the editors of *New Times* (and last year's *Official New York City Marathon Program*), are creating a new magazine for those who share this, the fastest growing of participant sports.
Called *THE RUNNER*, this new monthly will bring you articles not just on running and runners, but on health, biology, and the entire state of mind running expresses. We take as our premise that running is far more than another participant sport; it is an entire subculture, and possibly even a subversive one.
We hope to knock your sweat socks off with the sort of writing and graphics you'll find in no other running publication, and in few other sports magazines; and we plan to pull them up again with the very latest reports on sports medicine, nutrition, diet and physiology.
With such Contributing Editors as Frank Shorter, Bill Rodgers and Nina Kuscsik, *THE RUNNER* will be with you, toe to toe, at all the major running events, and at many that are of no consequence at all—but are delightful to read about.
So, we hope you get the picture: a magazine *for* runners but not just about running; a magazine that will probably never cure your athlete's foot, but will always scratch that itch in your soul. If we may quote Dr. George A. Sheehan, "I was seeking a new world, where I could live and create my own drama . . . I found it in running." We hope you'll find a new world of drama and excitement in our magazine. Catch up with
Out in September.
RUNNER

her 40-foot ocean-going yacht(!!), the Lightning Weasel (named for Grace's current husband, lighting director Skip Johnson), she finds his occasional messianic stance pretty funny.

"He's so out of touch with himself," says Slick. "You asked him what his favorite food was and he didn't know it, and everybody knows it's milk. You want to know what else he eats? He loves to take Campbell's mushroom soup and a can of Chicken of the Sea tuna and mash all the oil out of it and heat it up and pour that shit all over toast. That's what he eats." Hot Tuna?

Grace Slick looks good at 34. Her weight is way down from four or five years ago when she began to look like the Kate Smith of rock, her eyes are a startling shade of blue, and her voice, talking or singing, is as strong as it's ever been. She still has a problem with alcohol (just last January she became sloshed during a stage version of a local *Gong Show*, broke a couple of mikes, cursed out the audience and stagehands, and wound up getting busted for drunkenness by the California Highway Patrol when they found her babbling incoherently on the side of a road in her Aston Martin), but she says that she understands her problem now and can deal with it better.

"I know I just really blew that *Gong Show*," says Grace as the boat eases out of San Rafael harbor. "I don't like to be like that—it's embarrassing to get that sloshed up, and it's stupid. See, I don't like to be on a stage unless I know what I'm going to be doing, more or less, and I was blotting out what I didn't like with alcohol, which is a good blotter. It makes you numb."

With neither dope nor whiskey in sight, I ask Slick how she's responding to reviews that say the new album is too commercial, comparing it to recent superhits like Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*. "Well, it *is* too commercial," says Grace. "I like it, but it is less individual, it's a partial giving in to what sells. How did that come about? It's money, people *like* money. And I love songs like 'You Light Up My Life.' The first time I heard it I screamed, 'Why can't I sing that song.' It's a very, very commercial song, but I like it even though it makes a lot of other people gag."

This is a particularly strange morsel to be coming from the mouth of a singer for whom the general epithet once was "the voice that launched a thousand trips." What ghosts, I wonder, from the dear, dead sixties, haunt Grace Slick. "After 30, you have to watch that ghost remark," she replies. "I think if my liver dropped out I'd be haunted, but otherwise I just keep going through people and drugs and things and don't connect anything. See, I took too much acid to remember the sixties, and on alcohol you can't enumerate on anything that goes by."

As we pause at a buoy with some sunning seals on it, Grace presses her nose to the cabin's window. "They're Skip's friends," she says. "They come out on the buoy to get a tan or whatever they do. Hi, seals." Her eyes get soft. "Sleeping seals . . . "

I ask Grace what she would do were the Starship to fall apart tomorrow. "I'd like to go into some sort of research medicine, some kind of figuring out why people get crazy," she says. "It couldn't include any carving since I get sick every time I see blood, so it would just be about the mind. I'm going back to school next year, possibly San Francisco State, and I'll study therapeutic psychology, counseling and how the brain works."

The idea boggles me—how can Grace Slick, bona fide famous person and sixties acid queen, possibly hope to gain the respect of the relatively conservative psychotherapeutic community?

"If I use the name Grace Johnson," she says, "and it's established that I'm a counselor, then people might accept that I've been through a really psychotic thing, which rock & roll really is. And if they accept that I've been through this screaming brain stuff, then they might take to me better than someone who seems to have been together throughout his whole life, but is really just faking it."

The Lightning Weasel begins to dock, and I ask Grace why "Show Yourself," which she wrote, is the only political song on *Earth*. "Because nobody wants to hear political songs and I'm the only one stupid enough to write one. Nobody wants to hear that junk anymore. And the real reason I wrote that song is that I got tired of people asking me what Paul's 'Volunteers of America' means. I asked Paul what the song means, and he said, 'I don't know.' So I figured I'd write one I could answer the what's-it-about question for.

"Did you ever ask Paul just what he's volunteering for?" Grace continues, and then howls as she tells me the answer. "You should have asked him that 'cause he'll just shrug and say he doesn't know. And then he'll laugh . . . "

I walk away from Slick's boat pondering her answer to my question about *her* favorite food. "My favorite," she said, "is Sara Lee Chocolate Cake. Frozen is the best taste; I don't like the taste of homemade cakes."

Grace Slick's Sara Lee Chocolate Cake, it occurs to me, goes just perfectly with Paul Kantner's glass of milk. ●

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

Patti Smith has a terribly high opinion of herself. A self-anointed prophet in pop garb, she is after nothing less than Truth. Or as that other aspiring martyr, Jim Morrison, once put it, "We want the world, and we want it *now*."

On **Easter** (Arista), the crucified One, for whom Smith has appointed herself guardian spirit, speaks the language of pure-bred rock & roll. For rock fans, that's a big relief: As previous Smith albums prove, prophets can be preachy. Producer Jimmy Iovine has coaxed a turbulent, luminous density out of the Smith Group, whose fierce playing stakes out precisely the right ground for the kind of figure Smith wants to cut.

The real surprise, though, is Patti Smith, born-again vocalist. On her first two albums, *Horses* and *Radio Ethiopia*, her fondness for ecstatic squeaking was a constant irritant. But on *Easter*, Smith discovers new depths. Less forced than before, her voice becomes a pliant vehicle with a smokey aura of erotic mystery. Her singing credibly invokes the "magic that can set you free." What's scary is the zealotry which she brings to that mission. By the light of her poetic theology, vanguard rock is the Holy Spirit, lifting body and soul out of their dark chamber through an archetypal embodiment of Ur-song: Chant, and it shall set thee free.

This all sounds terribly esoteric, although fans of reggae will enjoy decoding Smith's brand of libertine gnosticism. On the worldly level, though, that translates out to a much simpler sentiment: Kick out the jams, motherfuckers. And the very best thing on this album scarcely requires cosmic intuition: "Because the Night" is a great rock record, plain and simple. Dropping her didactic pose, Smith gets inside one of the most evocative lyrics ever to grace a rock tune. Her singing is a sensual roar, the band a ball of fire, driven by the drums of Jay Daugherty and the guitars of Lenny Kaye and Ivan Kral.

On other cuts, Smith's conceits sound fatuous. On "Rock and Roll Nigger," she willfully confuses the aesthetic choice of exile with the imposed fate of institutionalized domination. Yet, because she respects her demon, Patti Smith is that rarest of commodities in the world of rock: a person with something to say, caring enough to say it with passion. ●

It's hard to find a $1,000 tape deck that doesn't use Maxell. Or a $100 tape deck that shouldn't.

If you spent $1000 on a tape deck, you'd be concerned with hearing every bit of sound it could produce.

That's why owners of the world's best tape decks use Maxell more than any other brand.

But if you're like most people, you don't own the best tape deck in the world and you're probably not using Maxell. And chances are, you're not hearing every bit of sound your tape deck is capable of producing.

Whatever you spent for your tape deck, it's a waste not to get the most out of it. So spend a little more and buy Maxell.

Maxell. You can think of us as expensive tape. Or the cheapest way in the world to get a better sounding system.

maxell

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RENTING A CAR IF YOU'RE UNDER 24.

The first thing you should know about renting a car if you're under 24 is to come to National Car Rental.

Because face it:

When it comes to renting a car at most places you've got problems before you even start.

Car insurance companies don't exactly stand in line to get your business.

You attract more than your share of attention from the highway patrol.

And you're hardly high on the corporate ladder so you don't make a lot of money.

All of which could make you a credit risk.

★

So what does this mean when you want a car?

Do you borrow Uncle Louie's? Take a bus?

Sometimes.

But when you really need to rent a car we'd like to have you ask us.

Because not everyone under 24 is a bad risk.

(We don't subscribe to the bad apple theory.)

And we hope if you rent your first car from us, you'll keep renting your cars from us.

★

The point of all this is to tell you we've got a company policy that makes renting a car easy if you've got a Master Charge card or other major credit card. (If you don't have a Master Charge card, write to: Southeast Bank, Master Charge, P.O. Box 012477, Miami, Florida 33101.)

You won't have to spend half your day filling out forms. Or leave your life savings as collateral.

And you can use our toll-free number to reserve a car almost anywhere in the world.

You can rent a car in Fort Lauderdale while you're still in Philadelphia.

Or reserve a car in London from Laredo.

So now when you need a car, consider this:

Uncle Louie has the world's smallest fleet of GM cars. We've got the world's largest.

★

Renters must be at least 18 years old and have a valid driver's license. Some locations may require renters to be at least 25 years of age.

*We feature GM cars like the Oldsmobile Cutlass and offer S&H Green Stamp certificates on rentals in all 50 U.S. states. To reserve a car anywhere in the world see your travel agent or call toll-free: * 800-328-4567.*

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

THE BIG GREEN TEAM

© 1978, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada it's Tilden. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar.

*In Minnesota call 800-862-6064, in Canada call collect 612-830-2345.

Movies/by Richard Corliss

IT'S ONLY ROCK & REEL

Almost any cultural phenomenon passes through three stages of popular response: First it's threatening, then it's accepted, then it ossifies and is remembered as being Cute. That goes for Romantic poets, Impressionist painters and, to be sure, rock & roll singers. Almost anyone under 40 has the beat in his bloodstream: guys who are too old for the Jaycees, ladies with bouffant rollers in their hair and twin kids in the shopping cart, truckdrivers and stockbrokers. They go bowling and play backgammon, they sit at home watching television and, once in a while, they go to see themselves in the new rock & roll movies, as they'd like to think they were, in a soft-focus time when the greatest trauma was discovering that first zit or being yelled at by mom and dad for playing the radio too loud.

Rites of passage have served as the subject of enough novels and movies that we shouldn't be surprised that the new-adult generation—the generation that, virtually by itself, keeps Hollywood in business—should want to see its youth rouged up on the big screen. And there's no reason why the early days of rock & roll shouldn't provide the material for good movies—or, at least, energetic, entertaining ones. In one, modest instance, that's been the result: a crazy little number called **American Hot Wax**. The film synthesizes a week in the life of Alan Freed, the disc jockey who is credited with coining the phrase "rock & roll," who helped break the barrier between race music (black) and pop music (white), and who was convicted in the payola scandals of the late fifties.

Music lovers are certainly forever in the debt of anyone who wrote a song called "I've Been Your Dog (Ever Since I've Been Your Man)"—that was back in 1952, for a Cleveland group called the Moonglows. And as directed by Floyd Mutrux, Freed's story has some of the gross vitality of an uncensored Chuck Berry duckwalk. But the movie would have been better, and truer, if it hadn't been so quick to play quoits with halos—they land on the head of just about anyone who ever

Robertson: Jagger with brains?

spoke, sang, wrote or hustled "doo bop." Freed was a true missionary hustler, a Larry Flynt of rhythm and blues; his mission is no less appealing if we know that, one way or another, he made a few bucks out of it.

Alan Freed, let's face it, looked shifty, like a Nixon raised on moxie and soul food. He was a member of the last untelegenic, five-a.m.-shadow generation. After Freed, after Nixon and Joe McCarthy, a public figure had to look like what he wanted people to think he was. That was the generation of the Kennedys, and Dick Clark. But Tim McIntire, who plays Freed, looks like a cherubic imp who might be caught with his hand in the cookie jar but never in the till. The playful innocence in McIntire's face sets the tone for *American Hot Wax*. Instead of the complex, powerful mogul who played midwife to a squalling child born of southern black gospel and southern white country, we are given an Alan Freed who seems straight out of the old MGM musicals, shouting, "Hey, gang, let's put the show on right here—at the Brooklyn Paramount!"

It's one thing to turn Alan Freed into Mickey Rooney, and Carole King into Judy Garland; it's quite another to make a seventies version of a Sam Katzman picture, like **I Wanna Hold Your Hand**. Katzman, you may recall, was the producer of dance-craze teen-pix like *Rock Around the Clock, Calypso Heat Wave, Don't Knock the Twist* and *Hootenanny Hoot*. His movies were made on miniscule budgets, for drive-in audiences; they had no stars, inane plots; they were universally reviled by critics and adults—and despite all this, they were awful. *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* was made for about $2 million, has no stars and an inane plot. It, too, is awful: The Bowery Boys Meet the Fab Four.

The movie takes place during the weekend in February 1964 that climaxed with the Beatles' first appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Six kids from Jersey come to Manhattan with an impossible dream: to see the show. Now, February 1964 is not a period as difficult to document as, say, 1066; so you'd think that Bob Gale and Robert Zemeckis, the film's perpetrators, would know that words like "vibes" and "hyperventilation" were not coming out of even Murray the K's mouth in those dear dead days beyond recall. You'd think they'd know that the Beatles were the opening *and* closing act on that first Sullivan show, and that their first song was "All My Loving." You'd think that they'd know, at least, the title of the song they've appropriated for their own: it's "I *Want to* Hold Your Hand." The Beatles were English; they spoke and sang in English; they were remarkable, rave-up musicians; they were *not* simply glow-in-the-dark icons for a 12-year-old's bedroom.

But who cares about historicity? Sam Katzman didn't. Gale and Zemeckis don't. They're too busy exhuming every Katzman cliché, from the 43 adult authority figures who fall on their asses immediately after telling the kids that rock & roll stinks, to the jokes that were decrepit in 1066 (Girl in car: "But it's a one-way street." Boy driver: "I'm only going one way"). The few funny, spirited moments—one of the girls (Nancy Allen) sneaks into the Beatles' hotel room and has a deep and abiding sexual relationship with Paul's bass guitar—are as out of place in this mess as the handsome, richly textured photography, or ace director Steven Spielberg's credit as Executive Producer. It doesn't help matters that the Beatles themselves can only be played by actors whose faces are never seen (though the fellow who impersonates Ringo's feet brings a certain panache to his role).

But who cares about quality? The New York press screening of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* was attended by an

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Home Still, Inc.
presents a unique new
WATER DISTILLER

- *Automatically* distills 11 to 12 gal/day
- Stainless Steel
- Economically priced — suggested retail only **$169.00**

(Shown minus inlet, residue and distillate tubes.)

The new HOME STILL™ model #400 is engineered to the highest standards to produce pure drinking water for you and your family for less than 10¢ per gallon. Fast and efficient steam distillation process removes odor, taste, chlorine, fluoride, metallics and pollutants.

For further information, please mail coupon or write to our factory:

HOME STILL, INC.
Box A, Dept. NT
Bismarck, ND 58501
(701) 258-7740

Please rush me literature on the HOME STILL™ model #400.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐Dealer or ☐Distributor Inquiries Invited

unusually high percentage of teenage girls who not only laughed at every flat joke and pratfall but screamed—old style—whenever a Beatles song was played. And at the end, when Nancy Allen tells her stuffy fiancé, "There are more important things in life than getting married," and he says, "Like what?" and she says, "Like the Beatles," the theater erupted with cheers. The cynic in me—the part of me that could play a crabby schoolteacher in a Sam Katzman movie—would feel much better about the seventies if I could believe that these girls were really a *Price Is Right* audience in disguise, bused in to provide some ersatz Beatlemaniatmosphere. But I fear the truth is more ominous: The kids may well have been *enjoying themselves.* And, more ominous still, one of them may someday go to Hollywood and make a movie about the legendary first screening of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand.*

There are other legendary rock & roll moments ripe for exploitation by Hollywood. How about the time P.J. Proby, "The English Elvis," split his pants (no underwear) on American TV? Or the day Bill Haley had his spit-curl soldered to his forehead? Or the circumstances that led to Leroy Griffin, the lead singer of the Nutmegs, being burned alive in the coke furnace of a steel mill? Fortunately, there's one event in rock history that's not in danger of being cannibalized and trivialized through the fish-eye lens of the fiction film, and that's the farewell concert of The Band, held Thanksgiving Night, 1976, in San Francisco.

Luck, and careful planning, graced the Winterland stage that night. A few friends (Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Neil Diamond, Ron Wood, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Ronnie Hawkins, Dr. John, Muddy Waters, Paul Butterfield and the real Ringo Starr) dropped by and gave some memorable performances. And director Martin Scorsese was there, filming it all, with the help of eight of the industry's finest cinematographers. No surprise here: **The Last Waltz** is about as good a rock-concert film as you're likely to see.

Scorsese has a knowledgeable love of rock music, as evidenced by his artful use of it in *Who's That Knocking at My Door, Mean Streets* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* and by his stints as editor of *Woodstock* and *Elvis On Tour.* He also loves the old, lavish Hollywood musicals. He tried to distill their essence in *New York, New York,* but the extract turned sour; he spent himself trying to fashion a 12-tone masterpiece. With *The Last Waltz,* Scorsese saw the chance to blend his two passions without exhausting himself or his audience. And . . . he did it. This is one gorgeous-looking movie. And in The Band, he found five road-smart guys who, if they wanted to, could become genuine Hollywood stars.

Did Scorsese himself see that Rick Danko, the group's bass player, impacts as a more handsome, more accessible Robert De Niro? And that Band leader, Robbie Robertson, is the most beautiful possible Harvey Keitel? A friend of mine says Robertson reminds him of Mick Jagger: the voluptuous mouth, the wiry body, the star quality, the stage presence, the danger and sexiness. Yes—but Robertson is Jagger's clone who stayed in school, who still once in a while has dinner at his mother's house, who functions through his brain as well as through his pituitary; Robbie should forget all this rock & roll stuff and become the next (the last?) WASP movie star.

Danko and the rest of The Band could provide admirable support: Richard Manuel has a classic, roguish, character-actor face, Jack Elam crossed with Pancho Villa; Levon Helm is so skinny-strong, he looks as if he's been in too many brawls with big guys, and had everything beat out of him but his steel will; Garth Hudson, the silent one, reminds you of the mad, saintly, alcoholic organist in a backwoods church. And, as good actors must, they interact superbly. They breathe and laugh and observe as one organism—and should: They were working and living together for 16 years, ever since Ronnie Hawkins hired them as his backup group with the immortal promise, "You won't make a lot of money, but you'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra." (The word "pussy" almost cost Scorsese his PG rating.)

There are several standout numbers: "Who Do You Love," with Hawkins weaving The Band members' names into a semi-lewd blues tapestry; "Caravan," with Van Morrison, the beer-bellied dervish, proving beyond question that the Irish do have rhythm; and The Band's own great "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," with a moving horn arrangement by the patriarch of New Orleans funk, Allen Toussaint. Even the weirdities—and which is more weird, Neil Young looking as if he's about to be apprehended as the Hillside Strangler, or Neil Diamond looking like a nice Jewish retailer attending a Las Vegas Night?—are endearing because, for once, these are the real singers, musicians, shapers of rock & roll, throwing an elegy for themselves instead of waiting for the Sam Katzman of the eighties to turn it into a nostalgia teenpic, with all the stars played by people named Osmond, Cassidy or Gibb. ●

ANTHONY QUINN JACQUELINE BISSET

THE GREEK TYCOON

An ALLEN KLEIN Presentation

also starring RAF VALLONE EDWARD ALBERT
CHARLES DURNING LUCIANA PALUZZI
CAMILLA SPARV MARILU TOLO
and JAMES FRANCISCUS as President James Cassidy

Screenplay by MORT FINE Story by NICO MASTORAKIS & WIN WELLS and MORT FINE
Co-Producers NICO MASTORAKIS and LAURENCE MYERS Directed by J. LEE THOMPSON
Produced by ALLEN KLEIN and ELY LANDAU An abkco Films Production A Universal Release Technicolor®

Now a WARNER Book

R RESTRICTED

Opening at Movie Theatres Everywhere May 12th

The Fighting 25th/by Steven Levy

FINAL TRIBUTE

True Baseball Fans, the ones who follow the game with their hearts as well as their *Wall Street Journals*, have suffered a cruel blow this season. Their secret hero, the 25th player on the 25-man roster, has been eliminated, calmly and without fanfare, by the owners of National League baseball clubs. The N.L. club owners have forged a "gentleman's agreement" to carry only 24 players on their teams this year, presumably to save one salary and travel and laundry expenses.

Some might think that a baseball club can get along expediently with only 24 athletes. Well, maybe in the American League, where managers can now designate a hitter to bat for a pitcher, creating less need for pitcher changes and room for extra batters on the bench (and True Baseball Fans are still pissed off about *that* rule change). But it's the National League owners who have cut their rosters; in the Senior Circuit, pitchers still bat, and that 25th man frequently was put into the game in the wake of some intricate strategic move by an inspired manager. These on-field maneuvers involving secret weapons from the dugout were at the heart of the game, and one less player means more dull innings. "I remember one game last year when we were behind four-zip," recalls Philadelphia general manager Paul "The Pope" Owens. "We put in four left-handed hitters in a row in the 9th, and tied it. We won it in the 11th. This year, we won't have the numbers on the bench to do that type of thing."

But it's more than just numbers involved here. The 25th man has long been a symbol of the rags-to-riches pendulum that all sports thrive on. That space on the roster has traditionally been filled by a "fringe" player, a journeyman who never had the skills to be a superstar but was always ready to fill in when the manager poked a blessed finger at him in late innings.

You know the guy. He was the good-field-no-hit shortstop who saw action as defensive insurance in tight games—but once a year got a clutch pinch hit that won a crucial match. Or the fifth man on the relief staff who lacked that one pitch that would have made him a bullpen ace—but in the bottom end of a late-season double-header, he hurled six innings of no-hit long relief. He was the fairly young power-hitting outfielder who had some trouble playing his position—but could be counted on to end an extra-inning contest by tripling off the right-field wall.

These fringers had to win their jobs every season in spring training. They accepted the situation, and if they were feisty and game, as all great 25ers were, they consistently made the club. But in 1978, they've been issued walks, and not the kind that come with four balls.

Take Craig Robinson, a four-and-a-half-year veteran who was trying to stick it out long enough to qualify for a pension. The Atlanta Braves had a lot of youngsters to bring up this year, and released the 29-year-old outfielder. In the past, a journeyman like Robinson would have found some team—possibly a contender, with promises of playoff loot—to take him on. But in 1978, with 12 N.L. teams going north with abbreviated rosters, there's an unprecedented player glut, a new class of baseball refugees displaced by the gentleman's agreement. Those in Robinson's position have a choice of spending the season at home or making that degrading step down to the bush leagues, where long-distance bus rides replace first-class air fares and the only sustenance is reckless dreams and $11 a day in meal money.

They sit at home, calling general manager after general manager, and usually wind up settling for a place in the minors, hoping they'll get the call to come back to the bigs later in the year. There are no guarantees. "You see these guys, 28 or 29," says Owens. "They're in the prime of their careers and they've got nowhere to go."

Things won't be the same with only 24 players. Who will managers turn to when they need the fifth relief pitcher in the game? What are they going to do when the situation calls for a right-handed longballer in the 10th inning? What's going to happen to the 90 percent or so of baseball fans who thrive on trivia questions?

Marvin Miller, head of the Player's Association, is planning to file a grievance on behalf of the stranded 25ers. But that might not be necessary. The gentleman's agreement is unofficial, and nothing can stop any club owner who wants to garner a few victories—and the money that comes with them—by restoring the extra man. In that case, all the other clubs would follow suit immediately; when it comes to the bottom line, the owners are no gentlemen. With a lot of luck, the agreement may soon go the way of the afternoon weekday World Series game: into oblivion.

Still, the season has begun with 24 players on each N.L. team. And people have taken to remembering the great 25th players of the past. In 1975, for example, the Phillies carried 39-year-old Tony Taylor, who had figured in the annals of the club for 15 years. Taylor was a man who waged a fierce battle against the ravages of age and the sliders of left-handed pitchers. Every time he ambled out of the dugout to pinch hit, he received a standing ovation from the crowds, and he frequently responded with a clutch hit. Seeing Tony Taylor bat in the summer of 1975, you wanted to jump up, salute the flag and run through nine spirited choruses of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." It was the stuff that makes baseball great.

Today, the Phillies general manager admits that they could never again carry a Tony Taylor. There's no room on the roster. ●

CARD © TOPPS CHEWING GUM, INC.

Record Ecology in DiscKit Form
—you'll save more than money

DiscKit is a milled walnut tray and dust cover that saves you 15% with the Discwasher products in the kit. ($46 versus $54 separately)

DiscKit includes: 1) The Discwasher System Record Cleaner with D3 Fluid, 2) the Zerostat anti-static pistol and test light, and 3) the SC-1 Stylus Cleaner.

But you'll save more than money. You'll save your records from imbedded micro-dust, your cartridge stylus from abrasion and your ears from a lot of static.

Record Ecology from Discwasher—a substantial bargain.

(Walnut tray and dust cover are available separately as the Discorganizer, $12.50.)

All from Discwasher, Inc., 1407 N. Providence Rd., Columbia, Missouri 65201.

The mystique of Monte Alban Mezcal.

For years, there's been a rumor going around that in Mexico you can buy a certain kind of liquor that comes with a worm in every bottle.

That rumor is not only true, it's delicious. The liquor is called Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. And the story behind it is fascinating.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Spanish *conquistadores* had done what they had come to Mexico to do: conquer the New World. And because the Spaniards were running out of their traditional rum, they celebrated with the distilled juice of the *agave* cactus. This they called Mezcal.

Today's Mezcal is an intriguing liquor, being both potent and smooth. Not to mention mellow and downright delicious.

Now comes the best part. Inside every *agave* cactus live tasty little *agave* worms. *Agave* worms are so particular, they're only found in that one species. It

is for this reason that genuine Mezcal, made from the *agave* cactus in Oaxaca province, is bottled with a genuine *agave* worm.

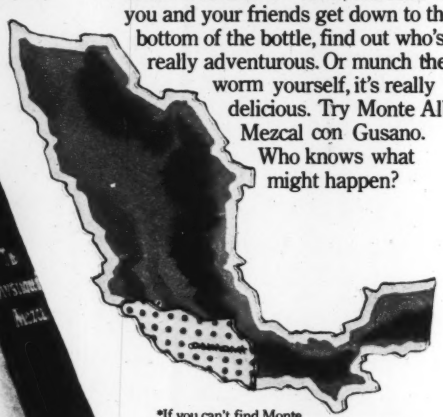
As with other traditions that are hundreds of years old, a certain mystique has been built up around the ritual of consuming Mezcal and its *agave* worm. Most knowledgeable people drink it like tequila; that is, with a lick of salt and a bite of lime. For true tradition, use the mixture of sea-salt and spices in the bag attached to the bottle. The worm is said by some to be the key to wondrous experiences. Others claim it sets free a spirit of celebration.

Whatever the truth, we know that *agave* worms are a very popular delicacy in Mexico.

And why should the Mexicans have Mezcal all to themselves? Now, for the first

time, you can buy Mexico's leading brand of Mezcal—Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano—in the United States. Each bottle is genuine Mezcal from the region of Oaxaca. For proof, just look inside the bottle.

Monte Alban Mezcal opens up whole new worlds to conquer. Bring it along to your next party. Enlighten people on its heritage. Demonstrate how to drink it. Make mixed drinks with it, too. And when you and your friends get down to the bottom of the bottle, find out who's really adventurous. Or munch the worm yourself, it's really delicious. Try Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. Who knows what might happen?



*If you can't find Monte Alban at your favorite liquor store please drop a card to Bill Rogers, P.O. Box 1240, Chicago, IL 60601. He'll be glad to help.

Monte Alban. Authentic Mexican Mezcal. The proof is in every bottle.

©1978. Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes, Ltd., New York, New York.
Available in the United States in 750 ml.(25.4 oz.) bottles.